# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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## THE LINCOLN STATUE,
### PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

The bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, was unveiled October 21, and dedicated with imposing ceremonies. Prospect Park is one of the most beautiful in the world; and it has this advantage over Central Park, that it overlooks a large expanse of water. It is creditable to the patriotism of the citizens of Brooklyn that the first monument erected in their Park is one dedicated to the memory of the Saviour of his Country.

The statue is nine feet in height, and is mounted upon a massive pedestal of granite. Mr. Lincoln is represented as pointing to the Constitution of the United States, which he holds in his left hand. His head is uncovered, and a cloak thrown back from the breast hangs gracefully over his shoulders. This statue is the result of dollar subscriptions; it was executed by the sculptor Mr. H. K. Brown.

A large number of citizens were present. Within the inclosure about the statue were officers of the army and navy, and just outside the Twenty-third regiment formed a glittering line along the slope. Mr. A. A. Low, the presiding officer, delivered a brief but eloquent address. Then the statue was unveiled. Mr. J. P. Wallace, in behalf of the War Fund Committee, formally presented the statue to the Park Commissioners. Mr. J. S. T. Stranahan replied in behalf of the Commissioners. He said that three sites had been chosen for statues, and that he trusted the two yet unoccupied would be filled by statues of Washington and Jackson. The oration of the day—an eloquent and impressive one—was delivered by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. Letters were read from President Grant and Governor Hoffman.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

## THE SECRET OF THE AURORA.

Men of science have long felt that a strange secret lay hidden in the brilliant folds of the aurora. The magic arch, with its pointed streamers, shifting silently but swiftly across the heavens, pulsating mysteriously as though illuminated by the fitfully changing glow of some concealed furnace, and rendered surpassingly beautiful by the brilliancy of its colors, had always had strange charms for men of thoughtful mind. And gradually a series of laborious researches had revealed the laws which associate this beautiful apparition with disturbances affecting the economy of our whole earth, and not indistinctly connected with the habitudes of the solar system itself. But recently a discovery has been made which is even more remarkable than any which had before rewarded the labors of physicists—a discovery at once instructive and perplexing, revealing a bond of union between the aurora and a phenomenon hitherto thought to be quite different in character, but leaving us still to learn what the exact nature of that bond of union may be.

We had occasion recently to point out that a sudden disturbance in the sun, in 1859, had been presently followed by intense magnetic action, the whole electric system of the earth quivering, so to speak, under the influence of the solar forces educed by the disturbance. And we mentioned that among the signs of this magnetic action brilliant displays of the auroral streamers had been witnessed in both hemispheres on the night following the solar disturbance. This circumstance teaches us the true character of the aurora as strikingly as any which astronomers and physicists had patiently been gathering together during the past half century. We learn at once that a relation subsists between the aurora, terrestrial magnetism, and the central luminary of our scheme.

And even if we were to pause here, we should have learned enough to indicate the significance and importance of the aurora. Our earth, we may be sure, is not the only recipient of that mystic influence which rouses into activity the phenomena we term magnetic. Over the whole realm which it rules the central orb sends forth the strange electric impulses. When our skies are illuminated by the magic streamers, we may be sure that those of Venus and of Mars, of Jupiter and of Saturn, nay, even the skies of those unseen orbs which travel far out in space beyond the paths of Uranus and Neptune, are lit up with auroral displays. When once it has been shown that we owe our auroras to solar action, we recognize the cosmical character of the display, and that, in a sense, the terrestrial magnetism on which it depends is a bond of affinity between our earth and its sister orbs.

But while we were thus taught the true significance of the aurora, we were left in doubt as to the way in which the solar action aroused the electric luminosity in the upper regions of our air. We could not even tell at what elevation the light was suspended above our earth. The most eminent physicists differed in their views as to the possibility of learning where the magic streamers really wave when we see them most distinctly. While Arago had held that to attempt to measure the height of the aurora was as futile as to attempt to measure the height of a rainbow, Sir John Herschel considered that precisely the same laws of measurement might be applied to the aurora as to any object raised high above the earth.

One point, however, was well determined. The auroral lights are undoubtedly to be ascribed to electric action taking place at a very considerable height, where the air is very rare indeed. It became, therefore, a question whether any thing could be learned by analyzing the auroral light as to the condition of that particular part of our atmosphere in which the electric action takes place.

Spectroscopic analysis, that strange and powerful mode of research which has revealed so many unlooked-for facts, was accordingly applied to the light of a brilliant aurora. The result was rather surprising. Instead of a rainbow-colored streak of light, such as would have appeared if the aurora were due to the existence of particles excited to luminosity by electric action, a single line of colored light appeared. This indicated that the light is due to the incandescence of some gas through which the electric discharges in upper air take place. But this was not the circumstance which attracted surprise. Rather, this was to have been looked for. It was the *position* of the line which astonished our physicists. If the gas had been one which chemists are acquainted with, the bright line would have occupied the position proper to that gas, and would at

once have indicated its nature. But there is no known element whose spectrum has a bright line where this one appeared. The observation has been repeated over and over again, by Angström, by Otto Struve, and recently by Mr. Plummer, always with the same result—we can not tell what the substance may be to whose incandescence or luminosity the aurora owes its brilliancy.

But now a most remarkable discovery has been effected. Angström has found that the mysterious line of the auroral spectrum exists in the spectrum of another object which had been thought to be wholly different in character. Ever since its discovery by Cassini, the zodiacal light has been an object of interest to astronomers. Gradually a theory had been formed respecting it, which had been sanctioned by the authority of such men as Humboldt and Sir John Herschel. It was held that this appearance is due to the light reflected from a multitude of minute cosmical bodies traveling around the sun within the orbit of our earth.

This theory had never been tested by spectroscopic analysis. Indeed, the zodiacal light shines so faintly that it was hardly hoped that its spectrum could be rendered visible. But it was confidently anticipated that if the zodiacal light ever were thus analyzed, its spectrum would be that which the theory required; that is, a very faint reproduction of the common solar spectrum.

Now, at length, we hear from Angström that the spectrum of the zodiacal light has been observed, and instead of being, as had been expected, a faint rainbow-colored streak, it presents but a single line. *That line is the same that we see in the spectrum of the aurora!* In other words, the light of the zodiacal gleam and that of the auroral streamers are due to the same sort of electric discharge taking place in the same medium.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.


☞ *In November will be commenced* "MAN AND WIFE," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* WILKIE COLLINS *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S WEEKLY *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

## AFTER THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

NOW that the New York election is over, there is a singular calm in the political world. Until the last week of the canvass there was very little excitement in the State; and it was remarkable, as Mr. GREELEY observed in one of his speeches, that, while the chief Republican orators confined themselves to a fair discussion of the great principles upon which the party is planted, the Democratic speakers were evidently at a loss to know how to urge their claim to public confidence.

Indeed, it was a ludicrous situation for them. They wanted to denounce corruption, and the gentlemen chosen for the work were the masters of the Tammany Ring, assisted by Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. It was an edifying spectacle, that of the Mayor, the District Attorney, and the Corporation Attorney launching invectives against extravagance and demanding purity in politics. Or it was necessary to found the claim to confidence upon the character of the candidates; and thereupon the supporters of Judge M'CUNN and of Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED were amazed that there were some Republican candidates whose reputation was clouded. Indeed the *World*, which could not enough scold the Republican journals last spring for not protesting against the appointment of General SICKLES by the President, was curiously silent about those whom it had previously stigmatized by name as corruptionists of the Ring and authors of shameless and cunning frauds. That nothing might be wanting to complete the comedy of the Democratic canvass, Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, the gentleman who formerly wept that he was not able to send rifles to Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS, to be used against Union citizens, arrived from Europe just in time to weep afresh over the melancholy fact that the President's brother-in-law was implicated in the late gold scandal.

The effort to make any single State issue prominent failed. It was strenuously declared that the Republican ticket was framed to suit both the friends and the foes of lager beer. But, as a fact, the ticket exactly represented the position of the party upon the subject. The party does not make it an issue. It embraces prohibitionists like Mr. GREELEY and non-prohibitionists like General SIGEL; and both classes agree, with both of those gentlemen, that it is not a subject to be dealt with by the party. So, also, Mr. GREELEY is in favor of selling the canals as the true policy for the State, and an attempt was made to excite hostility to him upon this ground, as if the Comptroller could dispose of the canals at his pleasure. There was, however, really very little spirit in the canvass, as the registration showed; nor is there likely to be any great political interest or excitement until the meeting of Congress and the first message of President GRANT.

There will be certain topics of especial importance for his consideration in that paper. Of these the Cuban question and the *Alabama* question are perhaps the chief. The formal work of reconstruction will have been substantially closed. The general financial policy will be expounded by the Secretary of the Treasury. But we shall have some foreshadowing of the probable course of the Government toward Cuba; and such is the quiet good sense of the Administration that it will probably amount to a declaration, that, when circumstances or "accomplished facts" authorize the recognition of belligerency or independence, they will be recognized, and not before. And so firm is the confidence of the party and the country in the sagacity and probity of the Administration, that Congress is not very likely to urge any other policy. If General BANKS, during his European vacation, has carefully informed himself of the situation at home, or returns in time to ascertain it, he will go to Washington, conscious that the public sentiment of the country, wishing well to any people honestly fighting for independence, does not demand that the United States take an active part in the Cuban revolution. As for the English question, it is most probable that the tone of the President's message will imply that the little *Alabama* bill must be settled.

Of course it was during these first few months of the new Administration, under the pressure of the great reaction that inevitably followed the great triumph of last year, that the Democratic party hoped to prove at the autumn polls that the country was utterly discontented with the President and his general policy. This expectation has been wholly baffled. The Republican line is unbroken. The elections have shown that the people, who last year expressed their faith in General GRANT and the principles he represents, trust him with undiminished confidence. The Democracy have lost the battle which is often apt to seal the fortune of the day. They must reflect in time, that, if they hope to persuade the people of this country to give them power again, they must not attempt to do it by parading the Tammany Ring and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD to denounce corruption, nor by electing Judge M'CUNNS to the judicial bench. They were beaten in 1868 because they were seen to be the same old party, with the same old spirit and the same old leaders. As long as this is evident they will continue to be beaten.

## THE FENIAN AMNESTY.

As we write, Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to the Town Council of Dublin has not reached us; and we must, therefore, wait for a full exposition of his reasons for refusing the Fenian amnesty. At this distance, and with our information, it would seem that the Government of Great Britain has done unwisely; and Mr. GRAY's assertion, that Mr. GLADSTONE's personal wish was for an amnesty, will be readily believed. The London *Times*, in defending the Government, says that rebellion was formerly regarded in England as a transcendent crime, and that it is now considered more fraught with ruinous consequences to the country than ordinary crimes. Might it not fairly be asked, then, whether a Government, so peculiarly sensitive to the enormity of rebellion, ought not to be a little less hasty in the recognition of the belligerent rights of rebellion against a friendly nation, and rebellion for the worst of purposes?

It is not, however, surprising that, remembering 1715 and '45, and the endless Irish insurrection, the British tradition should be a horror of rebellion. But statesmanship deals with facts and principles; and is it not very doubtful whether the rigors that have always followed the suppression of rebellions by England either did or could tend to prevent them so surely as a more merciful policy? People in England may, as the *Times* says, choose to consider rebellion the greatest of crimes. But crime in the moral sense it will never be felt to be, unless its ends are base or its means intentionally cruel. No English reader of the *Times*, who is not a mere Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western, and who is familiar with the long tragedy of Ireland, will ever regard the rising of any part of the population as criminal in the same sense as the PANTIN murder. Hopeless and stupid and fatal it may be, but not wicked and dastardly.

Now dealing with ignorant or deluded fanatics, if the English choose to take that view, who venture their lives in hope of an Irish republic, what should the Government do? If aggravated, individual, and premeditated cruelty in any case is proved, the laws would probably naturally be left to their course with general assent. But if there be a general spirit of disaffection in Ireland—not ill-founded, as every Englishman knows—and if the country has, rightly or wrongly, come to consider England its bitter enemy, when a ministry is raised to power upon the cry of justice to Ireland, and begins by an act of justice which every Irishman can appreciate—if that act were immediately followed by one of mercy, would it not be truly said in Ireland that at last there was a Government which Ireland ought to trust; and, vast as Irish ignorance and hate of England are, would not the wiser and better Irishmen be strengthened by such a course as nothing else could strengthen them?

Certainly we, who have subdued a more appalling rebellion than England ever encountered, yet who have not executed nor imprisoned a rebel, have the right to wonder whether England does not feel strong enough to be magnanimous, or is not sagacious enough to know the policy of clemency.

## THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE late meeting of the American Social Science Association in the city of New York was very significant as well as interesting. The audiences, indeed, were not very large, but the reports of the proceedings in the newspapers were ample and accurate; and the essays were by gentlemen most of whom were especially competent to treat the topics selected, and treated them with a care and ability which made the papers of permanent value. There is a great deal of special study and research upon subjects embraced by the plan of the Association for which there is no method of expression so admirable as that furnished by these meetings. The papers, if originally published in pamphlets, magazines, or volumes, would be very likely to be neglected. They are generally too grave and compact, and sometimes even statistical, to be acceptable as Lyceum lectures; and the invaluable result of investigation in the most important directions might long appeal in vain for public attention, if it were not for the platform of the Social Science Association. It invites special students to prepare carefully the substance of their research and thought, and offers them an audience which any man might be proud to address, and a full report under circumstances sure to arrest public attention and affect public opinion.

The President of the Association, Mr. SAMUEL ELIOT, of Boston, in his most admirable opening address, described the simple structure of the society. Its object is social science, because it devotes itself to promoting the well-being of society by a careful study of facts and intelligent application of principles. It would give an impulse to public action, founded not in emotion only but in knowledge, and would as carefully consider the means as the end. Indeed, the Association would draw to a focus for the common benefit those scattered rays of light and heat which, concentrated, become the greatest force of civilization.

The organization of the Association is very simple. There are a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and four Department Committees of Education, Finance, Health, and Jurisprudence. The chairmen of these committees and the officers first-named compose the Executive Committee, which has charge of the general or mechanical management, the places and details of meetings, publications, etc. But the Department Committees are the important element of the organization. They are composed of experts—of persons who have devoted themselves to the special study of subjects embraced in the department, and every question proposed to the Association is referred to the proper committee to decide if it be a subject for the Association usefully to enter upon. There are also two local committees, one in New York, and one in Albany; and there will soon be one in Philadelphia, and another in New Haven. These serve as centres of action. The expenses of the Association are very small, for there is but one salaried officer. Besides public meetings for the purpose of hearing carefully prepared papers, the Association has issued a volume containing those read at the Albany meeting last winter, and it proposes to publish certain manuals of an immediate practical value, such as a resumé of the lectures and course of study at the University of Berlin, to help students in this country, and again a manual for immigrants, full of the information they most need, to be put into their hands before leaving Europe. In a word, the Association is an organization to utilize, for the common good, private and individual thought and experience.

Its work is well begun. The character of the persons interested, and of the proceedings thus far, promises an influence as profound as the scope of action is wide and wise. The Association blows no trumpets and grinds no axes. It moves modestly and noiselessly; and it appeals to the sincerest sympathy and the heartiest support of all who believe that human progress, if inspired by faith in God and love to man, is to be secured by a careful investigation of all moral and material laws.

## THE MISSISSIPPI TRAGEDY.

THE recent steamboat disaster upon the Mississippi was so appalling that there seems nothing to be said. The pitiful story is read with horror, there is a vague exclamation of helpless indignation, a feeling that there is nothing to be done, and a hope in the reader's mind that he may not be the victim of the next tragedy, and that is the end of it. Of course, there is a stern demand for investigation, and possibly a jury denounces culpable carelessness and holds somebody responsible. But in a country where culpable carelessness murders scores of victims every year we have yet to hear of any punishment whatever. If a railroad train is thrown from a precipice, and suspicion points to the negligence or ignorance of the engineer or of any other responsible officer of the train, he may quietly withdraw from observation until wrath subsides; but whoever heard of an adequate penalty inflicted?

It is not possible to avoid all accidents, but it is possible to do something to prevent them. The want of more stringent laws in regard to responsibility and care upon the part of steamboat and railroad companies has a twofold source: the good-natured indifference or reluctance of the American to insist upon his individual rights, and a feeling that the do-nothing policy is demanded by enlightened political economy. Regard for his individual rights of a certain kind, indeed, the American does not lack; but he certainly asserts his public rights of personal safety and convenience much less strenuously than those who have not his political liberty. The first thing that he may justly demand of every company that undertakes to transport him is proper provision for care of life and limb. But upon how many steamers, large and small, by which he travels does he see such provision made? Where is the hose, the supply of water-filled buckets, the life preservers, in case of extremity? He is not to be put off by being told that they are somewhere, for to be serviceable they must be in full sight. When the alarm of fire is given, for instance, half of the panic would be saved if every passenger saw at the same moment the means of escape and safety. But how many passengers who do not see the conveniences which may at any moment be needed ever mention the want of them? In a manner they condone in advance the negligence which may cost them their lives. It is not agreeable, indeed, and it is inconvenient to take the trouble to make complaints. Moreover, a man is sure to be derided as an old Betty who does it. Very well. We must all elect. If it is worse to be called an old Betty than to risk the burning or drowning of his children, a man will probably save himself from that dreadful imputation by saying and doing nothing.

As for the laws regulating the transportation of passengers, they belong to the public order, and, like all laws, are to be founded upon experience. When, for instance, it is a public conviction that the managers of railways and steamboats are so anxious to make money that they will not be admonished of the relation between safety and profit, it is time for the public to act. There is no reason why the public should consent to be burned and mangled, in the hope that at some time stupid people will learn or heartless people wince. Let the law do what it can to secure what private interest and duty will not secure. The law protects the citizen against the thief who willfully steals, let it also guard him from the manager who carelessly kills.

But there is a still more radical remedy—that upon which all hope of particular improvement and of wise laws ultimately rests, and that is a higher standard of public morality. While success is popularly accepted as the only criterion of conduct, and even of character, we merely teach those to whom we intrust our lives to care only for dividends. A railroad company can afford to use poor rails, for instance, and cheap material of every kind, and to economize in proper care, if it has to pay only a certain amount of damages yearly for slaughtering and maiming passengers. If we insist upon bringing every thing to that standard our pupils will better our instructions. Here was a steamer upon the Mississippi piled with hay, and the passengers smoking and playing cards by candle-light. A spark dropped, a candle tipped over, and the boat is presently in flames. There was time to throw canvas or tarpaulin over the fire, to empty buckets of water, to escape to the shore, a hundred yards off, with boats or life-preservers, had there been these conveniences, and an organized crew well managed. But, upon the whole, it is doubtful if the company loses enough to produce the slightest change in the method of management. The remedy for these unspeakable tragedies is in our own hands. It is the public, not the companies, that are really responsible.

## THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

THE "Woman Question" continues to present itself in many different aspects. Thus, within the last month, there has been a Massachusetts Working Women's Convention in Boston; a Woman's Parliament in New York; a call for a Convention to found a National Woman's Suffrage Association, and a Convention in Hartford of what is popularly called the Woman's Rights party. At the latter, which was very fully attended, the usual argument for the enfranchisement of women was powerfully presented by Mr. BEECHER. The Woman's Parliament which met in New York was, however, very anxious not to be confounded with the party which Mr. BEECHER represents. The organizing Committee have published a statement of their purposes. "The proposed object

of this organization," they say, "is the association of women among themselves for the development of their own economical, educational, and moral interests, and by this means to accomplish woman's work in woman's way. It disclaims all connection with the Woman's Rights party."

We have a sincere respect for the ladies who are engaged in this movement, and a sincere sympathy with their hopes and aims; but we must say that they seem to misunderstand their own position. They disclaim all connection with the Woman's Rights party, but they propose to do woman's work in woman's way. Now this is exactly what the Woman's Rights party propose to do. They insist, and most justly, that as man's way is every honorable way for which nature has given him intelligence and desire, so woman's way is precisely the same. They declare—and we do not believe that the most resolute member of the Woman's Parliament would care to dispute it—that as man's way could not possibly be known if women alone should be allowed to define it, but can be ascertained only by perfect freedom of choice, so woman's way can not be known from the interpretation of men only, but only by the same liberty of choice. If, indeed, the ladies of the Executive Committee assert that they are women, and that they know what is woman's way, we certainly shall not contradict them; but merely remind them that whatever our individual opinions may be, they are not final like natural laws; and that it is an immutable law that the proper sphere of human activity is determined only by free choice.

The Committee add that the Parliament proposes to make a profound study of the evils of society, with the view of curing or ameliorating them; and that when it lacks means or authority to act, it will appeal to the governing power already in existence. This is always the privilege of a disfranchised class. The peasants in France, under the old régime, might ask the existing governing power to relieve them. But the question for a Parliament of American Women to answer is, Why, being members of the political society, with no less vital interest in its welfare than men, with an equal intelligence and capacity with men, and with the knowledge that no existing governing power is ever fully just to those who have no share of its authority—why, under such circumstances, they propose to acquiesce in a usurpation of the governing power by a class in the commonwealth? If they really wish to affect the evils of society in which their own sex so deeply shares, why not insist upon their equal voice in the regulation of society? Why should any citizen of this country be content to be the political suppliant instead of the political equal of another?

English women confided in "the good judgment and kind feeling" of the existing governing class to regulate that most vital subject to women—the divorce laws. But does the Executive Committee of the Woman's Parliament doubt that if the English laws regulating marriage had been made by both parties to marriage, they would have been wiser and more humane than they were and are? Lord BROUGHAM denounced them as a shame to civilization; and it seems late to remind any body of intelligent American women that the legislation of a class is always partial and selfish. The purposes of the Woman's Parliament are unquestionably excellent. But a more excellent purpose is the equal liberty of every member of society. With that gained all other reforms are made easier. When, therefore, the Parliament takes pains to separate itself from that movement, it labors to alienate the sympathy of those who would naturally be its best friends. It hopes to escape the odium of the "Woman's Rights party," but it can not do it. Those who condemn that party will condemn this in a less degree. In the eyes of such critics the offense lies in a woman's not confining herself to the "domestic sphere;" and the presiding officer of an executive committee of a Woman's Parliament is only less repugnant to the sentiment which that committee would propitiate than the President of a "Woman's Rights" Convention.

## A GLANCE AT THE FINANCES.

SOME of the features of our financial condition just now are worthy of particular attention. Although our imports continue to exceed our exports, gold, the medium to pay the balance against us, has steadily fallen. On the 1st of November it was quoted at 128, which is the lowest quotation since the spring of 1866, when it fell to 125. The present fall in price is supposed by many to indicate a return toward specie payments. Is this idea correct?

While we write the Treasury Department is engaged in paying off the November interest, amounting to about twenty-five and a half millions in gold, on a portion of the Five-Twenty bonds; but although the coupons, to a large extent, are held here on foreign account, instructions were given in many cases to reinvest the proceeds in the same class of securities. If the interest paid to foreign agents had gone abroad, gold would have increased in firmness; but as the reinvestment called for more bonds it gave some firmness to them. The London and New York markets, influenced by telegraphic announcements, instantaneously sympathized with each other.

Mr. BOUTWELL's management in purchasing over sixty millions of the public debt mainly to go into the Sinking Fund, and in anticipating the November interest, has improved the credit of the Government in foreign countries, and no doubt induced these reinvestments, which are favored not only by the languid condition of trade in England and on the Continent—whereby capital is liberated—but also to some extent by political uneasiness in England and France, and by the constant stream of valuable immigration to this country. The feature is noticed by capitalists abroad with increasing interest.

It is undoubtedly desirable that our credit—as we have in view a four or four and a half per cent. investment in lieu of our bonds at five and six per cent.—shall stand high in Europe, although it will not be possible to make such a change until our present securities advance to a considerable premium in gold; but the question ought to be maturely considered whether the transfer of our bonds from American to European capitalists, to be held abroad as a permanent debt, is done with advantage to this country.

The amount of our public debt now held in Europe is variously estimated at from seven hundred to one thousand millions of dollars, and the floating debt represented in what are called "options" in Wall Street, and in other forms of indebtedness, is supposed to be nearly a hundred millions. Bonds and stock of corporations and others are also held extensively in Europe; and it is thought that over one hundred millions in gold must annually be paid by us—over and above what is brought in by immigrants—to meet interest, dividends, and balances due abroad.

The major part of this foreign indebtedness has arisen since the creation of our public debt; and, although it is common to say that we have received full value for it, it must be admitted that a very large portion of it has arisen from the extravagance of portions of the United States.

The manufacturing industry of Europe, since the explosion in England in 1866, has been largely in excess of the demands of trade, and much of the surplus produced by foreign manufacturers has been sent to us. Part of it has been consigned to commission-houses for sale in our markets, and as the losses upon these consignments have probably exceeded the profits, to this extent the foreigner is the loser.

Our importations for the year ending June 30, 1869, amount to $437,026,541, valued in gold, which stood at an average premium of, say, 35. In this import there was $19,654,776 gold. Our exports for the same time amount to $413,869,182, which included $42,915,966 in gold. The balance is in currency. But $300,561,284 of our imports and $276,975,602 of our exports were brought or shipped in foreign bottoms. A charge of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars for freight on imports arises from this source. Our re-exports were valued at $25,130,167 in gold. By adding the premium of 35 per cent. to the imports, and making allowance for the fact that a portion of our exports and all of our re-exports are in gold, it will be seen that a heavy balance against us arises upon the trade for the year ending June 30, 1869. The improved credit of the United States in Europe unquestionably enables us to go on in this dangerous policy, by which they become holders of a permanent debt upon this country, and we the rapid consumers of their surplus of goods. The more we improve our credit abroad the larger are our imports. The fall in gold has taken place notwithstanding that our paper circulation remains undiminished, and that we continue to be imprudent in our purchases from foreign countries.

It will be borne in mind that Congress repealed the act which authorized contraction of the currency in a way to indicate very decisive objections to that policy. Although Mr. BOUTWELL has lately purchased a small amount of the three per cent. certificates, it is probable that this was done for the convenience of some bank that was at the time pinched for currency, and that he meditates no transactions looking to contraction as long as the tone of Congress on that head remains unchanged. Indeed, as the January interest amounts to over thirty millions of dollars, and the balance in his hands is being diminished, it is scarcely to be supposed that the Treasury can exert any unusual effect upon financial affairs between this and the opening of the next session. But although we have just commenced to send forward our splendid crop of cotton, and although the demand for breadstuffs will be large, it will appear, from the statement of what we have annually to pay to the other side, amounting perhaps to nearly a hundred and twenty millions, even if the imports and exports balance themselves, that the fall in gold is owing to temporary causes, and that our large purchases in Europe, due to the improved credit of our bonds, remove us further and further from specie payments.

In parts of Lancashire a further reduction of five per cent. on the wages of cotton operatives has been made. There is no present apprehension that the balances on English account invested in Wall Street for the moment in "options" will be collected, or that bonds will be sent back from England, inasmuch as trade in England and on the Continent is not sufficiently active to induce a recall of surplus capital. These circumstances favor still larger imports, and it may be additional investments in our bonds, although the rates of interest in Germany and Holland have improved. The fall in gold has also been encouraged by the considerable demand upon this market for currency to go to the West, and particularly to the South. But as our large shipments, which for the year ending June 30, 1869, amounted in cotton to the value of $162,633,052, and in breadstuffs and provisions to the value of about $85,000,000, were, with our other exports, overbalanced by our extravagance, there would seem to be good reason for the apprehension that our folly this year will not be less conspicuous than it was then. To all we commend strict economy as the only safeguard to meet the contingency, which may come suddenly, when the foreigner will ask us to settle.

## NOTES.

MR. EHNINGER, whose admirable large photographs of "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Decisive Moment" (FARRAGUT at Mobile Bay) we warmly praised a few months since, has now reproduced them, at 58 East Eighteenth Street, in a cheap and popular form, with the later work, "Taking the Reins," a drawing of General GRANT seated with Mr. ROBERT BONNER in his wagon and driving "Dexter." Mr. BONNER testifies that it is the most natural representation of a horse in action that he has ever seen. The fidelity, spirit, and interest of all these works, and their cheapness, should make them prominent among the desirable holiday gifts.

A STORY is echoing through the press, which is said to have been first told by Mr. VERPLANCK at Albany, who stated that Dr. LIEBER had told him that he happened to go into some German quarter in the city of New York, where German is exclusively spoken, and found that he could not make himself understood in pure High-German by those who were used to the corrupt lingo of the quarter. The story has occasioned some severe criticism of the Doctor, who, however, it appears, is guiltless of any such remark, which probably Mr. VERPLANCK has merely attributed to the wrong person. Yet, undoubtedly, Dr. LIEBER would be willing to be held as authority for the general remark that both in Germany as well as in this country a man, knowing High-German only, can not readily understand those Germans who speak one of the *strongest* dialects; but the latter, without exception, understand the former.

Almost all the books that the people in Germany read—the catechism, the sermons they hear—are in High-German. There are many familiar incidents of this ignorance of the patois; such as that of a high officer in a charitable society who was unable upon important subjects to understand certain Alsatian widows who had claims upon the society. Dr. LIEBER himself doubtless found that when he was a student making pedestrian journeys in Germany he was always understood by those whom he frequently could not understand when they were talking among themselves, especially in Mecklenberg, Baden, and Suabia. Every German is familiar with such facts.

VICTOR M. RICE, who died recently after a short illness, was for some years Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. His interest in the school system was most sincere, and his efforts were constant to elevate it. He had certain reforms at heart, some of which he effected, and his knowledge upon the general subject was very large. His last report upon leaving office two years ago was a survey of the present condition of the school systems in Europe, and is a valuable document full of information not readily accessible elsewhere. Mr. RICE was not a highly educated man; but his office demanded an organizing and administrative faculty, rather than scholarship, with a profound interest in the general subject, and these he had. His faith in common school education as the bulwark of popular liberty was inextinguishable. The actual freedom of all the public schools of the State is very greatly due to his exertions, and no man rejoiced more sincerely at the article of the new Constitution which guarantees that freedom. Mr. RICE was a natural politician—a man of humane sympathies and cordial manner, who will be kindly remembered by those who knew him.

FRANCE is evidently uneasy. LOUIS NAPOLEON seems unwilling to prove beyond doubt his own fidelity to the new system that he has proposed, or is it impossible for the author of the *coup d'état* to escape suspicion in the public mind? The disposition to concede great sagacity to LOUIS NAPOLEON is constantly aroused by his propositions, and as surely chilled by his performance. His late proposition was substantially constitutional government; at least, if it were not that it was nothing. It was so understood, but at the beginning he hesitates. It was said of the famous President of one of our colleges that he insisted it should cease to be a mere school: he was tired of being a pedagogue. So the whole system was changed; but the good Doctor forgot to change himself, and remained a schoolmaster. LOUIS NAPOLEON changes many things—but he does not change himself, and that makes all the other changes abortive. He makes no masterly movements. One of his journals suggested, probably by "inspiration," that the country should be called to vote upon the succession of the Prince Imperial. It would be an extraordinary step, and of course illogical. But his own position being illogical, the Emperor might prolong his empire for many years by such a measure. Yet undoubtedly he has not the sagacity, nor the nerve, to adopt it. If he should die to-morrow disorder would be almost sure to follow.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the first six months of President Grant's administration the receipts from internal revenue were $56,000,000 more than those for the corresponding portion of the year 1868.

The President has appointed George H. Butler, of New York, son of the late A. J. Butler, and nephew of General Butler, to be Consul-General for British India, to reside at Calcutta.

The Boston *Times* estimates that the Labor Reform party will poll 19,485 votes in Massachusetts.

A terrible accident occurred on the Mississippi River above Cairo, on the night of October 26. The steamer *Stonewall*, on its way down the river from St. Louis, took fire; she was brought to within a hundred yards of the shore, where she was grounded on a sand-bar and burned to the water's edge. Out of from 250 to 260 persons on board nearly 200 were either burned to death or drowned. There was only one boat, and that was unprovided with oars. A proper quantity of life-preservers would have prevented the enormous loss of life. The fire originated from the careless handling of a candle by gamblers.

Papers were read before the Social Science Association, in this city, on the afternoon and evening of October 27, by Frederick Kapp, on Immigration; by Professor Francis Bacon, of Yale College, on Vaccination; by Charles F. Adams, Jun., on Presidential Elections; by George W. Curtis, on the Reform of the Civil Service; and by James A. Garfield, on the Census of 1870.

The Message of Governor Campbell to the first legislative assembly of Wyoming contains some interesting facts about this new Territory. The act creating the Territorial government was passed July 25, 1868. The election for the First Assembly and a delegate to Congress was held on the 2d of September last. There have been three raids by the Sioux Indians within the Territory during the present year, in which eleven white men have been killed. Wyoming Territory contains 97,000 square miles. Little is said about its agricultural advantages, and a lack of rain and of trees is mentioned. Stock raising is very promising. The mining resources are incalculable. Coal takes the place of wood as a fuel. The gold discoveries have been very encouraging thus far. Curiously enough, all criminals of the Territory are now transported to Detroit, Michigan, for imprisonment under contract. An entire code of laws is to be adopted by this Assembly.

The *National Intelligencer and Express*, of Washington, has become the property of Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island.

Miss Ida Lewis, the Newport heroine, is said to be about to establish a rowing school for ladies.

On October 26 there was a grand steeple-chase at Jerome Park. It was won by D. M'Daniels's brown horse "Oysterman, Jun."

"American Girl" won the large purse at the Rensselaer Park Meeting at Troy, October 29, beating "Lucy" and "George Wilkes" in three straight heats. Time, 2.32, 2.28, 2.29¼.

It is estimated by Supervisor Presbury, of Virginia, that the revenue from tobacco in that State this year will be $3,000,000 more than the income from the same source last year.

The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia met at Richmond October 28.

Information has been received at the Coast Survey Office of a very marked earthquake wave having been recorded on the self-registering gauge in San Francisco, October 22, at five o'clock P.M. From this the occurrence of a violent earthquake in some distant part of the Pacific Ocean may be inferred, of which news will doubtless reach here before long. The earthquake at Simoda in 1854, and the one which occurred in Peru in August of last year, were announced in the same way. These waves travel across the Pacific Ocean at an average rate of about 360 miles an hour, depending on the depth of water along the track of the wave. From the observations made on the occasions to which reference is made, the average depth of that ocean has been found to be about 2000 fathoms.

Brigham Young has suspended Mr. Stenhouse, the editor of the *Salt Lake Telegraph*, and all the editors and proprietors of the *Utah Magazine*.

The preliminary report of the Department of Agriculture on the state of the crops makes the startling declaration that the actual reduction in value the past season alone, from the "alternate drowning and scorching" of farm crops, has been not less than $200,000,000!

In California there are 3000 Chinamen out of employment.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS underwent the dreaded 26th of October without any difficulty. There was no rising of the "reds," nor any *coup d'état*. Marshal Bazaine had been put at the head of the Imperial Guard, and had been ordered "to use his cannon without mercy," if the necessity arose.

The Spanish Cortes appears to be divided upon the choice of a king. The Duke of Genoa and the Duke of Montpensier are the most prominent candidates. At last accounts the former had the larger number of votes. The merchants had sent in a petition in behalf of Montpensier. The Duke of Montpensier is in his forty-sixth year. He is the fifth and youngest son of the late King Louis Philippe of France, and husband of the only sister of Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain. The Duke of Genoa is nephew of the King of Italy, being the son of Victor Emanuel's brother Ferdinand. The Duke, who was born in February, 1854, is in his sixteenth year. His tender age, rendering a regency necessary, is a circumstance in his favor.

The decree of the Spanish Cortes, establishing unrestricted liberty of religion in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, was promulgated in Cuba October 25, and has gone into effect as the law of the land. The document is exceedingly liberal in its terms. It declares that Spain can not remain removed from the general movement of Europe and the world, and adds that this consideration is the more powerful for the Antilles because they lie near a continent where liberty of religion is recognized by law. One clause of the decree provides that no person shall be prevented from holding office under the Government by reason of his religious belief.

The First Scotch Presbyterian church, St. Andrew's, in Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the night of October 23. It was one of the finest edifices in Canada.

The Marquis of Salisbury succeeds the late Earl of Derby as Chancellor of Oxford University.

John Conington, the Latin Professor at Oxford, died October 24, aged 44 years.

The discoverer and author, Austin Henry Layard, has been appointed Minister to Spain from England.

Jeanne Bretonne is the Ida Lewis of Dieppe. She has saved the lives of fifteen sailors, and wears five medals and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

It is said that a bust of the Protestant philanthropist, George Peabody, is to be placed in the Vatican.

M. De Lesseps, the originator and engineer of the Suez Canal, is to be united to a young lady twenty-two years of age shortly after the inauguration of his work. The groom is sixty-four; but his incessant journeys prove that he still possesses youthful vigor.

THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

BURNING OF THE STEEPLE OF THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

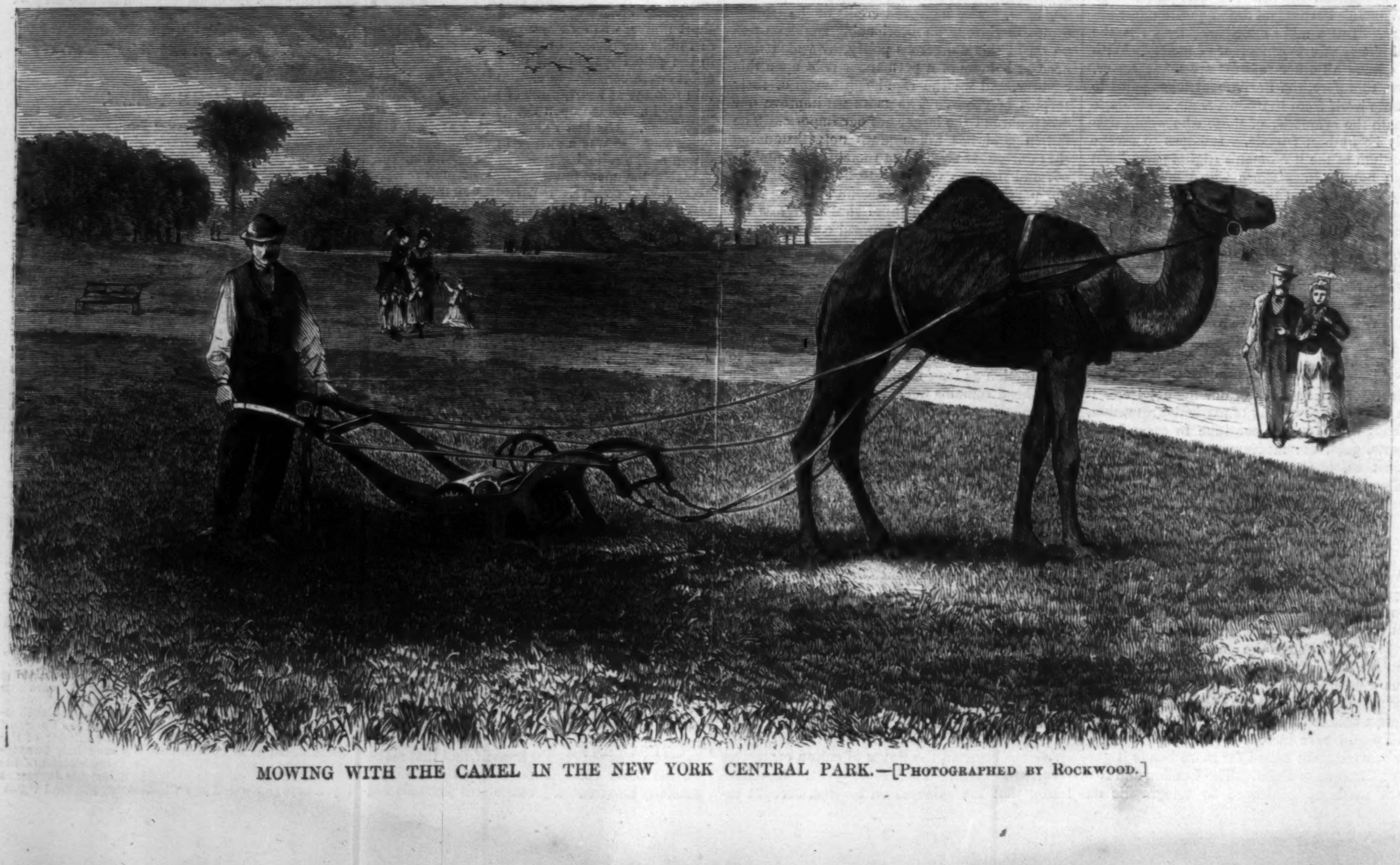
## DR. CUMMING.

THE Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., minister of the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Covent Garden, London, the eminently popular preacher and author of numerous works on divinity of a controversial character and expository of prophecy, was born in Aberdeenshire, of a Highland family, on November 10, 1810. Dr. CUMMING came to London in 1833, since which time he has been preaching to a very large congregation, including the leading Scotch families in London. On the platform he is distinguished for his decided and untiring opposition to the errors of the Papacy. Dr. CUMMING had the distinction of preaching before her Majesty at Balmoral, and the sermon was afterward published under the title of "Salvation." His publications are too numerous to be separately mentioned in this place. Among the most popular are "Apocalyptic Sketches, Lectures on the Book of Revelation," "Daily Life," "Voices of the Night," "Voices of the Day," etc. More recently, Dr. CUMMING published "The Great Tribulation," a volume of upward of 500 pages, treating of the prophetic descriptions of the coming of Christ and end of the world, which has had a sale of upward of 13,000; and a companion volume, published in 1861, called "Redemption Draweth Nigh," has already exceeded 7000. He has since published "The Destiny of Nations," or the future of Europe as delineated in the Bible. Dr. CUMMING belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, and opposed alike to the principle and policy of those who felt it their duty to secede in 1843, and form a separate communion in that part of the island.

The latest phase in Dr. CUMMING's career is his correspondence with Dr. MANNING and (through the latter) with the Pope in reference to the Œcumenical Council and the claim Dr. CUMMING made to be heard there in vindication of his opinions as a Protestant. As is already known, the answer returned by his Holiness was to the effect that Dr. CUMMING would be welcome at the forthcoming council, but that he must appear there, if at all, in the character of a penitent and a convert. Of course, the Rev. Doctor declines these conditions; and consequently is little likely to make his appearance at Rome.

## THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

ONE of the saddest of the results of the destructive fire in Fulton Street, this city, on the morning of October 27, was the destruction of the steeple of the Old North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton and William streets. This steeple was one of the few relics of the early history of New York city. Nearly all the old landmarks contemporaneous with it have been obliterated. A reporter in one of our morning journals thus commemorates the departed steeple: "What has it seen? Some communicative bird would say, perhaps, this: 'That the steeple was built when PETER STUYVESANT came, under orders from the States General, to be the Governor of their province of New Netherlands; that in those stirring days Holland had just been acknowledged as an independent nation; that war with England was going on, and that VAN TROMP, the plucky Dutch admiral, was blustering around the British coast, carrying a broom at his mast-head, with which he proposed to sweep the Channel; that he had several fierce fights with BLAKE, the English admiral, and in the last one he was killed, the English triumphed, and peace followed; that the old steeple knew this, and knew PETER STUYVESANT, the wooden-legged Governor, who resigned by treaty the sword the Britishers could not take, and retired in lofty indignation to his splendid farm, where he growled out the remainder of a useless life in cursing the fate that had Anglicized his good Dutch city. When hard-headed PETER was gathered to his fathers the steeple was left entirely alone. It saw the gradual demoralization of its adopted city by the intrusion of barbarians from England and Scotland and Ireland, and—worse than all—from Yankee land; it saw the fugitive Huguenot and his colder brother, the Puritan, pass under its shadow on their weary way to or from witch-



MOWING WITH THE CAMEL IN THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

burning New Haven; it saw the undisciplined troops of WASHINGTON flying across the island from the wild hills of Brooklyn; it saw that same WASHINGTON, seven years after, ride down the Old Bowerie more like a demi-god than a man; it saw the bonfires that proclaimed peace and independence, the fire-works that hailed the inauguration of the man whom Providence left childless that his country might call him father.'"

In the old church there have been daily noon prayer-meetings since September 23, 1857. These meetings are still continued; even while the fire-engines were working—amidst the dripping of water and the bustle of a crowd of curious spectators—a prayer-meeting was held on the noon of the 27th.

The North Dutch Church was built by the Consistory of the Reformed Dutch Church, since familiarly known as the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church—a religious organization coeval with the first colonial settlement by the Hollanders, in the first part of the seventeenth century. The corner-stone of the North Church was laid in 1767—the same year that the old Brick Presbyterian Church was opened. The expense of the edifice, when opened in 1769, was estimated at £12,000. The first regular pastor was the Rev. Dr. JOHN H. LIVINGSTON. During the occupation of this city by the British in the Revolutionary War the North Church was used as a hospital, and for storage. A new and beautiful pulpit, which had just been placed in the church, was carried away by the British, and placed in an English country church. The church was reopened in 1784. Dr. LIVINGSTON resigned his pastoral charge in 1810.

In 1856 there were in the ministry of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church in this city Drs. JOHN KNOX, WM. C. BROWNLEE, THOMAS DE WITT, THOMAS E. VERMILYE, and TALBOT W. CHAMBERS.

Among the collegiate churches in the lower part of the city, the Old North Church has maintained its original site for the longest period. A large warehouse many years ago took the place of the Old South Church; and in 1843 the Old Middle Church was transformed into the City Post-office.

## CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

WE have in this country as many as thirty different varieties of duck. The season for hunting this game is at its height in November and December. To the sportsman the shores of Chesapeake Bay afford peculiar facilities for duck-shooting. Our illustration on this page shows a number of ducks feeding on the wild celery plant in the vicinity of this bay. The shores and inlets of Chesapeake Bay have been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous Ducking Clubs, for the more convenient pursuit of their favorite sport. The canvas-back duck is probably the best known

CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

of our water-fowl. Early in October it begins to arrive from its northern breeding-grounds, and soon swarms in flocks of countless thousands all along the coast. The Delaware and Susquehannah rivers, Long Island Sound, and Chesapeake Bay seem to be the favorite resorts of this delicious fowl; and although they are annually slaughtered by means of all the devices which human ingenuity can suggest, the above-named places, during the entire season, are fairly alive with them.

The presence of this game in such numbers in these waters may be accounted for by the fact that the favorite food of the wild duck—the *valisneria*, or wild celery—grows abundantly in these localities. The usual manner of obtaining the food is by diving, and as the root is the only part of the plant that is devoured, a large flock will leave abundant relics of its prowess in the gastronomic line behind it. The blades of the celery, according to Wilson, are often found strewn over the entire surface of the water, or blown into wind-rows, reminding one of a new-mown field.

The almost constant companion of the canvas-back is the fine, though somewhat mischievous, duck known as the American widgeon—*Anas Americana*—as thorough a rascal as was ever created; a perfect parasite in the true sense of that term—living almost entirely off of the exertions of others. Like the canvas-back, the widgeon is extremely fond of the roots of the *valisneria*, but, being no diver, does not possess the means of obtaining them, except by the exercise of its strategic powers. It is extremely amusing to watch the manipulations of the thief; quietly edging itself near to a selected victim, it patiently waits until that unsuspecting creature disappears in quest of its food. A violent commotion now goes on under the water; it is the struggle of the duck with the plant; finally the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded, momentarily, by the water; the widgeon "gibbles" quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of its eyes. These interrupted dreams of gastronomic bliss are the causes of much contention between the two parties; but, leaving this minor point of difference out of view, they are very good friends.

Another, but a far more congenial companion than the last, is the "red head," a duck very nearly allied to the pochard of England. Fortunately for our friend the canvas-back, this bird is an excellent diver, and consequently is not obliged to resort to the harmless little eccentricities of the widgeon. It is the inferior of its congener, both in excellence of flesh, game spirit, and stateliness of appearance. This bird is not unfrequently palmed off on unsuspecting gentry from the "rural deestricts" as the *bona fide* canvas-back; and these deluded creatures will protest that it is worth a "hull load of spreeng chicken," devouring it with great gusto, occasionally varying the performance by smackings of the lips and rolling of the eyes.

The enormous prices which are offered for canvas-back birds are becoming the cause of their rapid extermination.

The unprincipled, and we may say cowardly, manner in which the canvas-backs are usually obtained is certainly, to say the least, shameful. No *true* sportsman will descend to or countenance the wholesale systems of murder to which these delightful birds, and all of our water-fowl with them, are subjected; nay, we will go further and say that no true sportsman will descend to the use of decoys, and by so doing degrade himself to the level of the pot-hunter. The game should always be allowed a chance for life; it should be shot in a scientific and sportsmanlike manner, though, we presume, it is of little difference to it in which manner it loses its life; but the point is, that but few men can handle water-fowl in a scientific (so to speak) manner, and by this means the destruction is stopped. Decoys, blinds, disguises, and ambushes should become an abomination in the eyes of our sporting men.

There are many stratagems practiced, by means of which the gunner is brought within range of his game. A method much practiced on the Delaware, during the winter months, comes under the head of that class of operations technically designated as "disguises." It consists of decking out the boat with white substances so as to resemble it to a large cake of ice. The birds will allow this to float very near to them; at least, close enough to allow the workers of this singular craft to spread death and devastation among them.

Another and very common method of approaching, as practiced on Chesapeake Bay, is that of sailing on the ducks. A light, strong sail-boat is procured, in which the gunner places himself, and allows the boat, seemingly without consciousness of doing so, to drift out upon a flock. He can usually approach within fifteen or twenty yards, which is near enough for his purpose.

The decoy method, which is well known, is the poorest excuse of any of these. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the images. An infant could kill enough with them in one day to last a week.

It is customary among the sportsmen of Chesapeake Bay to provide themselves with trained dogs, which, by grotesque actions, decoy the birds within range of the hunter, who is hidden in the bushes. Some glaring object, as a red handkerchief, is fastened around the body of the canine, and he is then placed in full view of a flock. They notice the strange, and, to them, unaccountable antics of the dog, and their curiosity overcomes them. They draw timidly near to the place of death, and the souls of a large proportion of their number hie to the "happy feeding-grounds," which, no doubt, according to their traditions, is stocked with the *valisneria* roots, and is free from all interlopers, such as the widgeon.

## THE FAITHLESS FAIR.

### A LOVE BALLAD.

I.

Oh! Francis was a nice young man,
He was his parents' joy;
And pleasant 'twas to see how they
Did *hanker* on their *b(u)oy*.

II.

Now he was born in troublous times,
When kings could ne'er agree;
There was no *friendship* on the land,
Though *French ships* on the sea.

III.

His little ears soon heard about
War's terrors and alarms;
He early joined the *infant-ry*—
A *little child-in-arms!*

IV.

He soon grew up, his chin *grew down*,
When, grievous to relate,
He found he had no property,
Though *come to man's estate!*

V.

About this time his parents died,
And Francis made his moan;
They *gave* him nothing when they left,
Though he was *left a-lone!*

VI.

Now Francis loved a pretty maid,
And Sarah was her name;
And in her *tinder* heart this *spark*
Had *kindled up a flame*.

VII.

Now Sarah saw he looked distressed—
His face was drear and blank—
And so she said, "Oh, tell me all;
My *Francis*, pray be *frank!*"

VIII.

"Oh, Sarah, all my money's gone,
'Tis that which me dejects;
And certain men, *without a cause*,
Have seized on my *effects!*

IX.

"A sailor's life were death to me,
Salt beef alone to eat;
And so I'll join the army, lest
I'm *taken to the Fleet!*

X.

"And don't be jealous, though I *sue'd*
For *Susan*, as you know;
She cruelly bade me '*go a-long!*'
And that was *long a-go*.

XI.

"There's William, once your suitor, love,
And others, say you will
To Love's *accounts* aye *give a check*,
And never *meet a Bill!*"

XII.

"Oh, Francis, *listen* ere you '*list*,
One favor don't refuse:
Don't think of Susan, for, you know,
*A Frank's worth twenty Sous!*"

XIII.

Well, then, they tried a change of hair,
He pressed a golden curl,
She sobbed, and whispered low, "*Good-by!*"
And he exclaimed, "*Good girl!*"

XIV.

He took leave of his grandmother,
And wiped away each tear,
And said, "Don't grieve, *dear granny*,
I shall be a *grena-dier!*"

* * * * * * *

XV.

When Francis left her for the wars,
Of suitors she'd a score,
And sighing youths thronged Sarah's *doors*,
All *coming to a-dore*.

XVI.

And William sued; his *parts of speech*
She ought to have *declined*,
But thought she shouldn't *mind the change*,
And so she *changed her mind!*

XVII.

And at the *altar*, faithless maid,
She *altered* all her vows,
And gave her hand, with all her heart,
To William, as his spouse.

XVIII.

The Parson asked, "Does any say
She may not be this man's?"
A hollow voice said, "I forbid
The *blessing* and the *bans!*

XIX.

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, you did vow
You true to me would stick;
Though I was *dead* your conduct false
Has stung me *to the quick!*

XX.

"The Frenchmen's bullets pierced me through,
A dozen in the fight;
*I puzzled them*, and so they *made*
*A riddle of me* quite!

XXI.

"And afterward they buried me
All underneath the sod;
My spirit *homeward roamed* as soon
As it could *roam abroad*.

XXII.

"Oh, grievous fault! I find you're false;
Now listen to me, both:
Your *troth you'd plight*, you'll find you're in
A pretty *plight*, in *troth!*

XXIII.

"Henceforth your ghost, like mine, shall walk,
And roam around at night;
No longer *sprightly*, you shall be
A melancholy *sprite*."

XXIV.

He said no more, all looked around,
But nobody was there,
And *on the altar-steps* they stood,
And all were "*on the stare!*"

XXV.

All terrified, they gazed around,
And tried in vain, meanwhile,
To bring the *fickle Sarah* to,
All with *sal volatile!!*

XXVI.

Alas, alas! 'twas all in vain;
The Doctor shook his head,
And said the *erring* Sarah was
As any *herring* dead.

XXVII.

And after, in the cold church-yard,
They laid her in the ground;
Her tomb, lest idle folks should scoff,
With *railings* fenced around.

XXVIII.

And still they say that she is seen,
Each night throughout the year,
*A-walking in the spirit*, though
She's *lying in the bier!!*

MORAL.

A little moral you may glean
From all that you have heard:
*Whene'er your vow you give away*,
Mind—ALWAYS KEEP YOUR WORD!

R. F.

## OTTILIA'S PILGRIMAGE.

By Justin M'Carthy.

Ottilia Westfeldt was a Swedish girl who might, indeed, have been fairly taken as a feminine symbol of Sweden and the fair-haired North. I think if an artist were to seek for a type and emblem of Swedish womanhood he could hardly find a purer and more charming representative of it than this handsome girl. She had smooth golden hair, not of the tawny tow which has grown to be so great a favorite just now; but so smooth and yellow that it really looked like dead gold-leaf on each side of her white forehead. Her face had a clear, decided outline, with features regular, but somewhat large; and her eyes were deeply blue, a genuine and unmistakable blue. One finds it hard to think of a Madonna in a northern climate; but if there could be such a thing conceivable, Ottilia might have passed as a fair embodiment of a Scandinavian Madonna. She lived in Stockholm with her father, and had now no mother, brother, or sister. Her father had married very young, and was still so far removed from any appearance of age, and was so constant a companion of his daughter, that people said he might have passed for her elder brother; and he was always pleased to hear this said, and rather proud of it.

Ottilia's father had one or two marked peculiarities. He was, for one thing, an ardent republican. Not that he had any objection to the government of Sweden or to the descendant of Bernadotte—Oscar the First—who sat on the throne during the early manhood and prime of Christian Westfeldt; or to Charles the Fifteenth, who succeeded him; but that he was a sincere and impassioned votary of republicanism. Being a votary of republicanism he was naturally a devoted admirer of the United States. At all times and in every civilized country, since the days when Washington, Lafayette, and Kosciusko fought side by side, there can be found a group, or groups, or masses of thinking men, to whom the republic of America has always shone like the pole-star of freedom. For there are two distinct classes of republicans in monarchical, and more especially in despotic, countries. The one class have always been captivated by the glitter, the lyrical splendor, the lofty, vague aspirations, the majestic, unsubstantial pageant of human brotherhood, which belong to what I may call, for want of a better phrase, French republicanism. The other have always found their ideal in the simple, solid, unpretending, almost prosaic truth and reality of the American republic. I wonder if all Americans are aware of the fact that in every European state, however small, there are, and for generations always have been, men bound together, often unconsciously, in the bonds of a brotherhood almost like that of freemasonry—the brotherhood of devotion to the American republic.

Christian Westfeldt was one of these, and his daughter Ottilia imbibed all his sentiments, and reproduced them with even a more passionate and romantic tinge around them. Moreover, her father and herself were intimate friends of the good and true Fredrika Bremer, that symbol in literature and life of the simple, beneficent womanhood of the North; and Ottilia, brought up almost at the feet of Miss Bremer, had learned from her to love many places and people in America as if she had seen and known them.

Ottilia led a singularly calm and happy life up to her eighteenth year. Indeed existence seemed to lie before her smooth and calm as a quiet inland lake. Her father's modest means sufficed to keep them becomingly in the unpretentious, intelligent, cultured, social circle to which they belonged. She was soon to be married to one whom she dearly loved—a gallant, brave young Swede, who had been educated in one of the military academies, and was to have been an officer of engineers, but had given up a military career at the express desire of Ottilia and her father, and was now becoming a successful man in railway and other engineering of a civil kind. Nothing whatever occurred which even threatened a danger to the happiness of these tranquil lovers until the early part of the year 1861.

Do you remember that fine passage in one of Macaulay's essays in which he illustrates the wide-spread, almost universal discord and slaughter caused by the reckless ambition of Frederick the Great, and declares that red men on the shores of Ontario, who had never heard of Frederick's name, scalped and tortured each other because of his quarrel? Not quite so remarkable, yet still remarkable, is the fact that the political ambition of Jefferson Davis and his colleagues shattered in a moment the whole earthly scheme of a happy, tranquil little group living in a picturesque suburb of the capital of Sweden.

The secession war blazed out, and Ottilia and her father saw their long-cherished idol apparently about to be broken. They felt the news as they might have felt a Russian or French invasion of Sweden. It was an evening of early spring that Eric Swenson, the lover, stood with Ottilia and Westfeldt in a room as yet only lighted by the moon and the glittering stars, and spoke of the treasonable conspiracy against the American Union; and there was one thought, yet unspoken, in the breast of all. Yet a few, a very few months, and Ottilia and Eric were to be married. Eric looked at her—was about to speak out his thoughts, then hesitated and shrank from it. Their eyes met. Then it was Ottilia who spoke:

"Can we do nothing, any of us," she said, impetuously, "for the great republic?"

"I can do something," cried Eric. "Until you spoke I hardly dared to offer—"

"*I* can do something," the elder man broke in. "I have honored and loved the republic all my life. Thank Heaven I am not too old or too weak to fight in her cause to-day. She has given a home to many of our Scandinavians. It is right we should all try to do something for her. Ottilia, you shall marry Eric at once; he will take care of you; and I will go out to America and fight for the Union."

"Never!" cried Eric. "I will go. You must stay and take care of Ottilia. I could do some good there. I could turn my training as a military engineer to some account, for the first time. I will do something worth doing, and make Ottilia proud of me."

"You foolish boy, don't you think Ottilia would rather have you with her than in danger?"

"Let us ask her. Let Ottilia decide!"

"Agreed, my boy. Ottilia shall decide."

"Oh no, dear father; no, dear Eric. Don't ask me to decide! Oh, I wish I had not spoken! I am afraid now of what I have done! How could I possibly part with either of you? How could I bear to see our happiness broken up? It is a great cause. I wish I could give myself up to it; but how could I give up my father and my Eric?"

Indeed, Ottilia's sudden burst of chivalric energy had for the moment almost collapsed. She dreaded the thought of parting, really parting, from her father or her lover; and her eyes were filled with tears and her limbs trembled.

But the father and the lover persevered. One or other would go; and each urged more and more vehemently his own claims. Both combined in pressing a decision upon Ottilia.

"Come, Ottilia, my child," said her father at last, in an urgent and decisive tone, "we expect a little firmness and a little sacrifice from you. Don't ask us both to draw back from a good cause to which we feel in our hearts that one at least ought to be dedicated. This is the true cause of all free men, and all men who wish to be free every where over the world. Truly America could well do without us. But that is not the question; our duty is not the less clear. She could probably have done without Rochambeau and even Lafayette. One of us must go—decide, Ottilia—and remember Eric is to be your husband."

"Yes, decide, Ottilia!" cried the young man; "and remember that my rival in this dispute is your father."

Ottilia's heart beat fiercely and her eyes grew dim, and for a moment she could not see or speak. But, if she must choose, her decision was clear. She made one or two efforts to speak and failed; then at last collected all her strength and sense, and said:

"Father, dear father, you must not go. Eric, my own love, I send *you*."

Eric sprang forward and caught her in his arms. For the effort had overtaxed her, and she was falling in a faint.

Before a week was out Eric had sailed from Bremen. A brave little handful of sturdy young Swedes went with him, all eager to offer their strong arms to the service of human freedom and of the American Union. Eric, who had been many times in England on engineering projects, and spoke English fluently, occupied himself a good deal during the voyage in teaching his compatriots a little of the language. He hoped by his and their exertions among Swedes in America to raise a distinct Swedish regiment, which should make its mark on the battle-fields of the republic.

He was to have written to Ottilia ever so often; and he did write many letters full of love and high spirits and hope. Then there came a long blank. She expected, poor girl, every day to find the papers full of some wonderful exploit performed by her young hero; but the stories of battles brought no record of his deeds or his name. The last letter she received from him was written on the eve of the great fight at Antietam. Ottilia and her father followed on the

map every movement of the war. She knew more of its scenes and its progress than many a New York girl did. Indeed, her whole soul was in it.

So the days, and weeks, and months wore on, and Ottilia never heard of her lover. She and her father hardly dared to speak the doubts and fears that tortured them. Westfeldt wrote to the Swedish consul in New York, who made careful inquiries, but could find no trace of Eric's movements or even of his existence after Antietam. He had served in the German regiment, and his name was returned with those of the missing. The only scrap of comfort was, that the list of the killed or the wounded had no name like his.

"I ought to have gone," said Westfeldt to himself very sadly one day. "I ought not to have left it to her decision"—he was gazing at the pale face of his daughter—"I ought not to have allowed him to go. She would have got over the loss of me, and been happy with her husband. Him she can never forget. Her life is ruined from its very spring-time."

He thought for a few moments, and then he went over to his daughter, and took her hand in his.

"Ottilia, my child, let us go in search of him."

A flush of light that seemed almost joyous came in her deep blue eyes. She pressed her father's hand rapturously, and cried, "Oh, father, dear father, let us go! Let us leave this place at once. We shall find him—I know we shall."

Their preparations were not very troublesome, and they hoped to leave Stockholm on their love pilgrimage in a few days. But Fate sharply interposed, and dealt them both a heavy, sudden blow.

Westfeldt, who had always seemed in noble health, was seized with convulsive spasms one day, and appeared to be stricken with something like paralysis. His condition apparently baffled the doctors, and he became steadily worse and worse. The very morning of the day when he and his daughter were to have left Stockholm for their voyage he suddenly called her over to him, clutched her hand, murmured convulsively, "Oh, Ottilia, my daughter! O God, watch over her!" and then sank back—and Ottilia was alone in the world.

Her grief, his burial, her utter prostration when the excitement of fresh agony was over, kept her long in Stockholm. Then her friends endeavored to retain her with them, and dissuade her from carrying out alone the enterprise she had resolved on with her father. The American war was by this time obviously drawing to a close. Even the London *Times* was beginning to be less confident about the utter failure of Grant and the disastrous retreat of Sherman. One of the young Swedes who had sailed and served with Eric actually came back to Stockholm wounded and wasted; and he reported that Eric had long been given up by such of his compatriots as still survived. There seemed little use, indeed, in Ottilia's quest; yet go to America and seek for her lost lover she would. At last, to escape the advice and the importunity of her friends, she literally broke away from Stockholm; fled, without giving any one notice, or saying a word of farewell, to Bremen; and thence sailed away across the Atlantic, more lonely and less hopeful than the wife of Cameralzumar, in the "Arabian Nights," when she starts on her brave, sad pilgrimage, to find the husband who had so mysteriously disappeared from her side.

When Ottilia arrived in New York the war was all over, and President Lincoln lay dead. What was this poor, solitary Swedish girl, who spoke but little English, to do in this strange, vast city—in this almost limitless land—where she had come to find an obscure young man who had dropped out of the sight of the living world years ago? She took an odd, girlish, romantic course. She sought out an American poet and scholar whom Frederika Bremer had known well, and she flung herself down before him, and told him her story. He listened with interest, compassion, admiration; he offered her a shelter with his family; and he threw all his energy and influence into the effort to find her lover. Some trace of Eric was found at last. He had beyond doubt been taken prisoner, and confined in the fearful Libby Prison. He had even been there until a comparatively recent period. But whether his wasted bones filled one of the numberless nameless graves of the prison; whether he was among the living skeletons at last redeemed from bondage; whether he was one of a few men who had succeeded, under extraordinary difficulties, in making their escape, it seemed impossible now to know. Ottilia's new friend and protector did all he could to get further tidings, but in vain. The trail of the missing lover was lost, utterly lost, amidst the smoke and dust and blood of the war's last convulsions.

"Stay with us; let this be your home—live with my wife and daughters, and be one of our family," said Ottilia's friend to her in tender, paternal tones one evening when all hope seemed to have gone of the restoration of her lover. The poet and his wife, and the young Swedish girl, stood together outside the porch of a beautiful country house, and on a lawn which sloped gently to the banks of a noble river.

"Oh, you are generous and kind—who ever was so generous?"

"Nay! as an American I owe you much. You sacrificed all for our cause; do we not owe you at least a home?"

"But, dear friends, I can not stay. I feel that I ought to go back to where my father is buried, and where my Eric, if he be alive—and oh, I still believe he is alive—will surely one day come to seek for me."

"But you have written home—you have told your friends—they know where you are?"

"Alas! no. I have written to nobody; I have not had the heart to say any thing. I have been absorbed only in the one thought. I fear I spoil your happy home with my sadness and my anxiety."

"You shall not go back," said the poet's wife, throwing her arm affectionately round the girl's waist. "You can have no very close and dear friends in Stockholm, or you must have written to them; and we have, therefore, the first claim on you. Come, now, don't say any more. You shall be my daughter. I will never give you up to any one but Eric; for, dear Ottilia, I, too, believe you will see Eric once more."

Ottilia threw herself into her friend's arms and sobbed; but felt, for the first time since her father's death, a gleam of returning brightness.

While she was thus clasped in the protecting embrace of her friend, the poet, who stood looking on with moistened eyes, was approached by a servant, who brought a message for him. The poet loved to be free from interruption at home, and was always making stern and futile vows that he would see nobody; he was always being importuned by strangers or beggars, whom the fame of his poetry or the fame of his benevolence attracted; he was always sending people hastily away unseen, and then sending the servant after them to call them back. "One may," he used to say, "be visited by an angel some day in the disguise of a beggar or an autograph-hunter; and it would be a dreadful mistake to send the heavenly messenger away unseen." So this time he winced a little, frowned, grumbled a little, shrugged his shoulders, and, finally, told the servant he would see the unknown and nameless intruder.

Ottilia and the poet's wife did not observe his going—only saw after a while that he was gone. Presently he came back, looking strangely excited:

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the angels *have* sent a visitor at last." And he drew her away and whispered something to her—whereon she started and almost broke into a scream, and glanced involuntarily at Ottilia.

The husband and wife walked up and down a turn or two on the lawn, and talked in low tones. Then they approached Ottilia.

"Dear Ottilia," said the poet, in a grave, sweet voice, "you have borne much sorrow and anxiety and disappointment nobly. Is your spirit strong and brave enough to bear with tidings of joy?"

Ottilia clasped her hands, and a wild cry broke from her lips:

"Oh, my dear friend, tell me, tell at once! Have you news of Eric? Is Eric living?"

"Eric is living. Eric is here!"

Ottilia made a sudden movement as if she would rush to meet her lover, then her knees trembled, her strength gave way, and she fainted. When she recovered her consciousness Eric, brown, worn of face, and bearded, held her in his arms.

And so her long quest and her long sorrow were over, and her lover lived and had found her again. His story was easily told. He had languished through a long imprisonment in Richmond, where he never had a chance of writing to her or sending her a message. Just toward the close of the war he had contrived to escape, and made his way, after immense difficulties, to the North, whence he sailed for Europe in a slow, old, lumbering vessel, which gave him a passage cheaply. Having got nearly half way across the Atlantic they were driven back to New Brunswick, and thence he sailed again, and at last reached Stockholm only to find that Ottilia had long left it to seek him in the United States. No one in Stockholm knew any thing of her whereabouts. He raised what money he could and returned to New York. The very first day of his arrival he heard some vague story about a Swedish girl living under the shelter of the venerable poet and scholar's roof, and he lost no time in seeking the poet in his country home. He could hardly put his question into coherent words when, half distracted with the conflicting tortures of hope and doubt, he stood in the poet's presence.

There is nothing more to be said, except that Ottilia and Eric are married, and are settled in the United States; that the poet and his family hold them always in the warmest and closest friendship; and that there is far more of truth in this little story than its readers perhaps would at first be inclined to suppose.

## SEA-SICKNESS.

THE immediate cause of sea-sickness is an undue amount of blood in the nervous centres down the back. This being true, the malady will be avoided by preventing such a condition; and when it exists it will be cured by lessening the amount of blood in those centres. In doing either the one or the other, the vertebral and sympathetic nervous systems must be included in the remedial measure, for both are concerned in the production of the disorder. To cure sea-sickness, then, if these opinions are correct, nothing more is necessary than to reduce the temperature of the nerve-centres. This, according to Dr. Chapman, an English physician, is best done by the application of ice in an India rubber bag along the spine. The remedy may appear a desperate one; and in some states of atmospheric temperature the thought of such an application will have a chilling influence upon the expectant traveler; but, instead of its having a cold, depressing, uncomfortable effect upon the patient, it is really a pleasant, agreeable application, giving quickly a sensation of warmth where most needed, and acting with a soothing influence upon the disturbed system. To prove this, compare the condition of a traveler who has accepted the remedy with that of the man who has not. The sick passenger sits helpless, retching and vomiting on a winter's day, with the spray dashing over him—cold, faint, depressed and ready to die. The man with a column of ice on his back moves from place to place with a healthy brain and stomach, suffering no more inconvenience than is brought about by the difficulty of supporting his centre of gravity. The comfort or discomfort felt by a traveler in the use of ice as a preventive to sea-sickness is more in the mode of application than in the nature of the specific. If the India rubber ice-bag be kept in the centre of the back, and in contact with the spine, without extending far on either side from the spinal column, the bag is worn without inconvenience. It is not even necessary, in all cases, to wear it next the skin. A far more important consideration is the application of it when employed as a remedy in other nervous disorders, that the required effect may be obtained in the greatest degree, and with the least loss of time.

## CURIOUS MECHANISM OF THE THYSANURA.

AT a late meeting of the British Association Sir J. Lubbock read a paper on the singular anatomy of the thysanura, an insect of extreme delicacy of organization, which has an apparatus for locomotion totally unlike any other known to entomologists. They have six legs, but no wings. The tail is provided with two long appendages which are bent forward under the body, forming a spring, by means of which the creature is enabled to leap with such force as to go twelve inches at each jump. The power is not in the action of muscles or muscular fibres, but actually in a bent elastic spring. Minute muscles draw it forward and under an actual latch, where it is confined like the spring of a gun-lock, until, by the will of the insect, the spring throws the little being rapidly forward, foot after foot, in pursuit of game or to escape from enemies.

A spring constructed and acting on a different principle, but equally surprising when anatomically studied, exists in the mechanism of a kangaroo's tail. As the animal rises up on its long hind-legs, the tail is a powerful instrument for throwing the body onward with a bound. When put to their speed they vault with surprising energy, so that they can outrun a swift horse. Every principle known in the domain of the mechanic arts is merely a humble imitation of what nature has always exhibited in animal structures.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following curiously-mixed poetical effusion was written by an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and is certainly a peculiar specimen:

Gayly the tiger tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed:
"Lady-bird, lady-bird, wilt be my bride?"
She for the elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she hadn't dined;
Carried up a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank-notes, and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger cat coolly hugged him to death.
Then with a cabbage-stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thy own crocodile a-whistling for thee."
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he.

A Frenchman for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. "I wish you joy!" cried his friend; "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored." "Alas!" said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected, "and where should I spend my evenings?"

Once upon a time, before the negro had acquired any other than a pecuniary value, an old colored divine, who was holding forth to an audience of his own race on the watchful care and goodness of the Almighty, and endeavoring to impress upon his hearers the value of a Christian darkey in the eyes of Heaven, illustrated the point thus: "My Bredren, though you can buy seven sparrows for a farthing, de Almighty hab a book to put down whar ebery one of dem falls. Now if de Almighty take so much care ob de sparrow dat costs only one-seventh ob a farthing, wat you s'pose he do for you, a thousand-dollar nigger?"

A woman from the rural districts bought some mourning goods at a store a few days ago, saying her husband was sick and could not live more than a week, and adding: "I thought I had better be gettin' the funeral fixins and make 'em up, cause it's a real bother to get 'em made when there's dead folks in the house, an' I hate to borrow."

A baptism was to be solemnized in our blockading fleet off North Carolina in 1865, and notice was to be given to the fleet by signal. The book contained no symbols for "baptism," and the order was signalized thus: "There will be religious diving on shore at 2 P.M."

KNOW YOU?

Know you the hour when Phœbus steals
From where Aurora blushing lies,
And mounts the heaven on glowing wheels,
And gilds the gray of dawning skies?

Know you the time when the birds begin
To carol to the rising sun—
When from the woods their jocund din
Proclaims the reign of night is done?

Know you the moment when the dew
Exhales in silvery sighs from blooms
Whereon it slept the whole night through,
Till Phœbus the rapt earth illumes?

Know you the moment, time, and hour
Of daybreak? Well, you do, mayhap.
Well, that's the time I feel a power
Of pleasure in "that other nap."

A little boy had his first pocket-knife, and for several days used it himself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little playmates. One evening he was kneeling at his mother's knee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please, God, give little Jimmy Bailey a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mine all the time."

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" imprudently replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you; perhaps you would like to come up and sit here, and teach us?" "No, I thank you, Sir," said the woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

A coster-monger, meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a specimen of an equine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever feed him! Come, now, that's a good 'un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em."

A new arrival at Sweetwater, Wyoming, was waited upon by a gentleman as soon as he had registered his name at the hotel, with the offer of the position of deputy-sheriff. On inquiring why he was so much favored, he learned that the last incumbent was shot the night before, and his predecessor on the day preceding. "How long does a deputy-sheriff live in these parts?" "Oh, about twenty-four hours." The stranger declined the appointment.

"Is Mrs. Blinking at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I b'lave she is, Sir." "Is she engaged?" "Ah, is it engaged, you say? Faix an' I can't tell you, Sir; but she kissed Mr. Tincent last evening as if she had never seen the like av him, and it's engaged I b'lave they are, Sir."

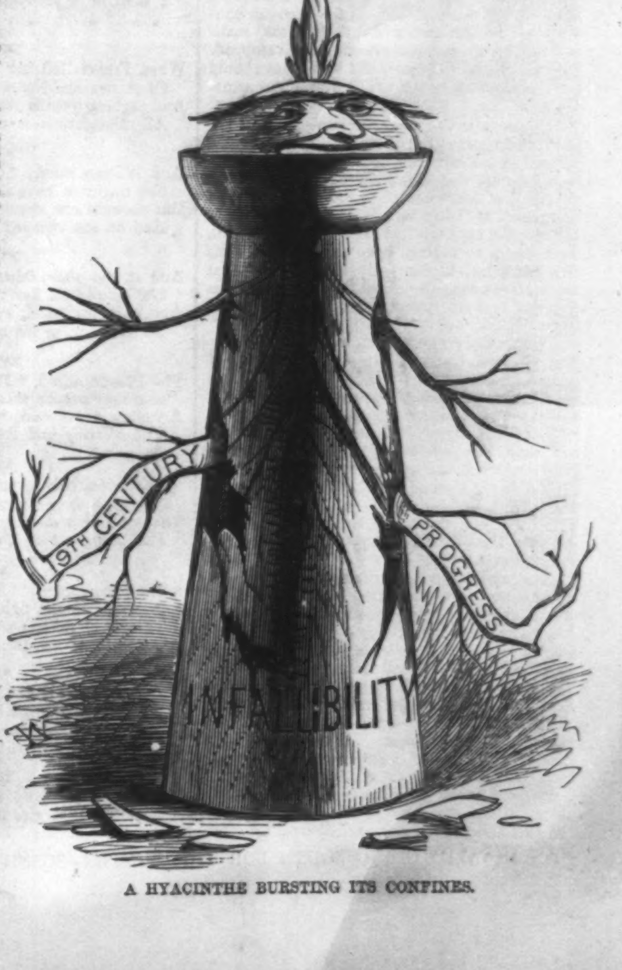
A young lady was alighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet to the floor of the stage. "You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger.

"No, I haven't; he's gone a-fishing," innocently exclaimed the damsel.

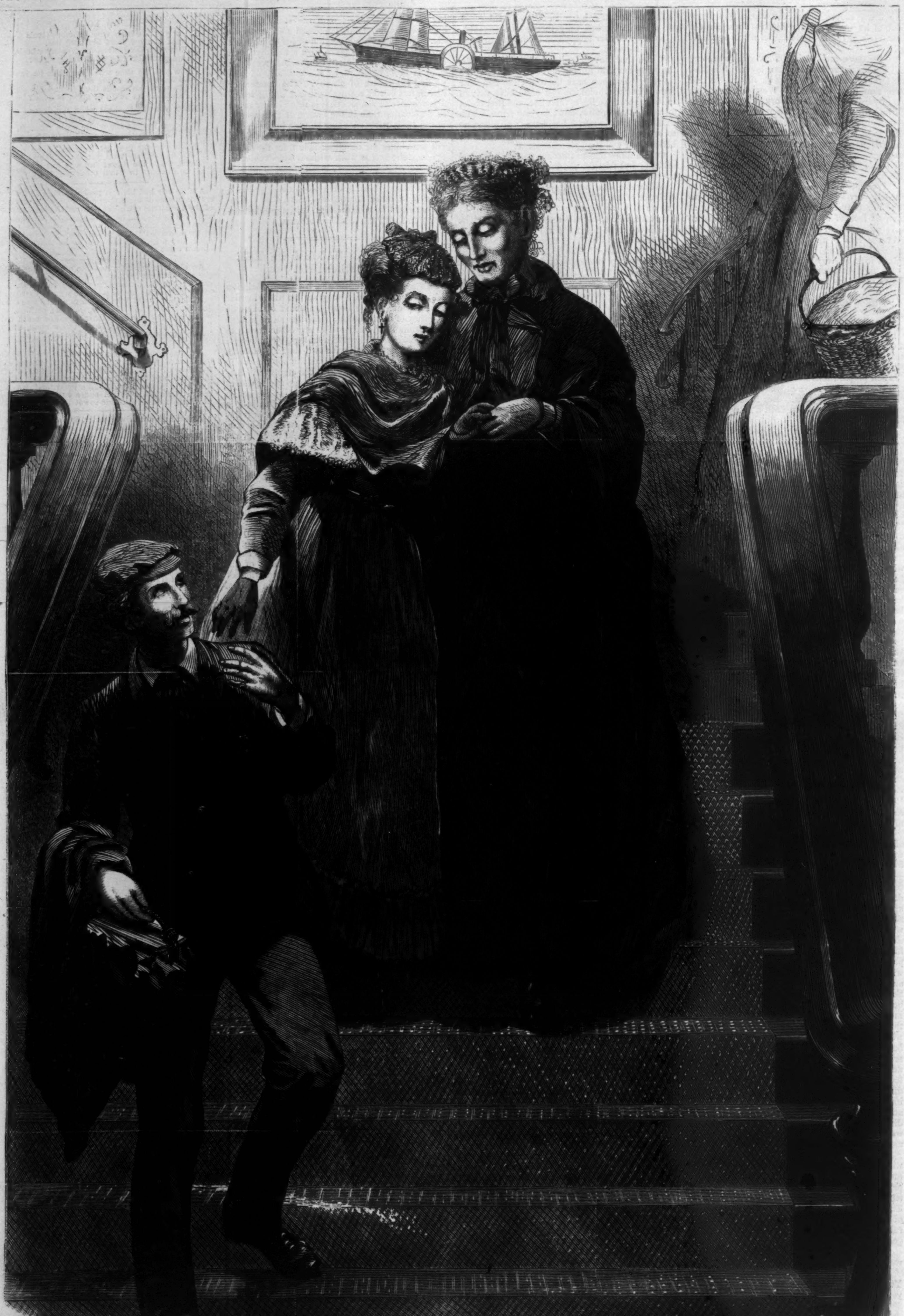
What shoes should a man wear while at sea?—Navy-gaiters (navigators), of course.

An old lady, who had not been religiously instructed, attended a Methodist "meeting" in the West. After hearing the minister describe the sufferings of our Saviour in the most pathetic manner she was profoundly affected. She waited to see the clergyman as he was passing out, and as the latter made his appearance she rushed up to him, grasped him by the arm, and earnestly exclaimed, "Where did all this happen that you have been preaching about?" "In Palestine," answered the minister, "about 1800 years ago." "Ah, well," answered the old lady, "as it happened so very far away and so very long ago, let us hope that there is not a bit of truth in it!"

As Professor H—— was taking a walk one day in the beautiful, picturesque environs of Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually termed fools, and the professor accosted him thus: "How long can a person live without brains?" "Odd, I dinna weel ken, Sir; but" (scratching his head) "how lang have ye lived yersel', Sir?"




A HYACINTHE BURSTING ITS CONFINES.



AN INVALID GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER—SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTHERN-BOUND STEAMER FROM NEW YORK.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

"RUINED."—Drawn by C. G. Bush.—[See Page 732.]

## THE SONG OF THE MILL.

WHEN summer airs are fresh and sweet,
And clover blossoms new,
And birds rejoice, and young lambs bleat,
And skies are clear and blue:
How merrily the mill goes round,
How merrily goes the mill,
As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound,
And echoes o'er the hill!

When age sits shivering by the fire,
And wintry wolds are white,
And youth doth chill his warm desire,
And frosty north-winds bite:
Still merrily the mill goes round,
And merrily goes the mill,
As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound,
When all the world is still.

We know no strife that plagues the great,
No care that kills the small;
We live above the reach of fate,
And therefore fear no fall:
So merrily the mill goes round,
So merrily goes the mill,
As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound,
And rings across the hill.

# VERONICA.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

*In Five Books.—Book II.*

## CHAPTER IV.

### ZILLAH'S STORY.

THE widow's reflections as she thought over her interview with Mr. Frost were bitter enough.

Her situation was that of one who, in endeavoring to reach a wished-for goal, has chosen the speciously green path over a morass, rather than the tedious, stony way, which, although painful, would have been safe. Now the treacherous bog quaked beneath her faltering feet. But it was vain to look back. She *must* proceed. To go forward with a step at once firm and light was, she felt, her only chance of safety. And it was but a chance.

Years ago, when Zillah Lockwood was a young woman and a newly-married wife, Sidney Frost had—through the knowledge of certain passages in her life which he had gained accidentally—come to have a secret power and influence over her.

He had used his knowledge at first to protect her against the persecutions of a ruffian, and in so doing he had acted disinterestedly.

Afterward he was tempted by circumstances to avail himself of the power he held over Zillah Lockwood in order to help himself forward in the world.

The case stood thus:

Robert Lockwood and Sidney Frost were early and intimate friends. When the former married Miss Zillah Fenton—a governess in the family of a rich merchant, named Blythe, who liked pictures, and sought the society of the painters of pictures—Frost had still been cordially welcomed at his friend's house.

Miss Fenton was an orphan, without a relation in the world. Her early life had been passed in Paris; and Mrs. Blythe said she had reason to believe that her father, Captain Fenton, had been a needy adventurer of disreputable character. But against the young lady no one had a word to say.

At first the young couple were entirely happy. To the day of his death Robert Lockwood adored his wife. He believed in her with the most absolute trust. He admired her talents. He was guided by her advice.

But when, within a few months of their marriage, Zillah became melancholy, nervous, and silent, Robert was painfully puzzled to account for the change in her.

She declared herself to be quite well; but her husband insisted on her seeing doctor after doctor, in the hope of discovering some cure for the unaccountable depression of spirits under which she was suffering.

It was all in vain, however. Robert was in despair; and seriously contemplated sacrificing his connection and daily-rising reputation as an artist, in order to take his wife abroad for total change of air and scene.

A mere chance, connected with his professional business, gave Sidney Frost a clew to the cause of the mysterious malady under which his friend's wife was pining. The clew was furnished by a few words dropped by a man of very vile character, a professional black-leg, who had come to London for a time to escape the too vigilant attention of the Parisian police, and from whose clutches Mr. Frost was endeavoring to extricate a foolish young scape-grace, the son of one of his clients.

His professional and natural acuteness enabled Sidney to make a shrewd guess at the real state of the case. He surprised Zillah one day, when her husband was absent at his studio, into a confession that she knew this man. And after a little gentle cross-examination, the trembling woman burst into tears and revealed the whole story.

Zillah's motherless youth had been passed in Paris, in the home of a father for whom it was impossible for her to feel either affection or respect. His associates were either men of his own character, or young scions of rich or noble houses, who frequented Fenton's shabby, tawdry little salon for the purpose of enjoying the excitement of high play.

Amidst such surroundings Zillah grew to be sixteen; little more than a child in years, but a woman in one sad and sordid phase of world's lore. Her notions of right and wrong were solely derived from her own untutored instincts. These were, in the main, good and pure. But she was ignorant, uncared for, motherless—and she fell.

Coarse appeals to vanity or greed would have been powerless on Zillah. But the poor child was unable to resist the impulses of an undisciplined heart. She scarcely even conceived that it behooved her to resist them.

She believed the passionate protestations of love—protestations not wholly insincere when uttered—of a noble gentleman whom she looked up to as the ideal of every thing splendid and heroic.

The story was trite. Its dénouement was trite also, save in one particular. This one exceptional particular was the unexpected and absurdly unreasonable despair of Zillah when she perceived that her god was an idol of clay—that he had ceased to love her; and when he informed her, with a good deal of well-bred dexterity, that he was about to make a mariage de convenance at the urgent solicitation of his noble family, he was quite amazed at the girl's violence. He was willing to behave handsomely. But when Zillah started away in horror from his offers of money, like one who suddenly sees the flat, cruel head of a snake rear itself from a flower he has been caressing, M. le Vicomte was really shocked. In what Fool's Paradise had the girl been living, to give herself such mock-heroic airs? The daughter of le vieux Fenton! Que diable! His lordship began to look on himself as a victim, and to pity himself a good deal; which state of mind had the desirable effect of quenching the pity for *her*, which the girl's pale, passionate face and streaming eyes had aroused to a quite uncomfortable degree.

Then came a second blow. Captain Fenton was willing to receive his daughter back again, but on conditions against which the girl's whole nature rose up in revolt. He had discovered that his daughter was attractive. Why should she not assist him in that devil's recruiting service, which he still carried on zealously, but with very fluctuating success?

In brief, to return to her father's home would be to plunge into a black gulf of shame. Zillah told herself that she was desperate; that she cared not what became of her; but from her father and her father's associates she shrank with a shuddering, invincible repulsion.

Then the extraordinary reserve force of courage and endurance with which nature had endowed the girl made itself felt. She was eighteen years old, alone in Paris, and almost penniless. But she struggled like a strong swimmer buffeting the waves. She thought that she wished to die; that the waters should close over her wretched head, and let her be at rest. But her youthful, vigorous limbs struck out, as it were, involuntarily.

Then one watching on the shore stretched out—not a hand, not a warm, comforting human clasp, but—a staff to her aid. A dry, hard stick was held to her, and she clasped it. It was something to cling to. A woman who knew her history engaged Zillah to attend on her children, and to teach them English.

For five years the poor girl was a drudge whose physical fatigues and privations were the lightest and least regarded part of her sufferings. But she pursued her solitary way inflexibly. In teaching she learned. She worked with amazing industry to qualify herself for a better position; and she succeeded. Her blameless life and unwearying activity had softened even her mistress's dry heart toward her; and when *Meess Fenton* left her employment this woman gave her such recommendations as procured for her a situation in England.

From that time her worldly prospects seemed clear and tranquil.

After a year or two she had known Robert Lockwood, and the world was changed for her.

"I loved him so!" said Zillah, sobbing, to Sidney Frost. "I had thought I should never love any human being more, and that men were all false, sensual, and selfish. But he came to me like God's sunshine after the long, black winter. I felt young again, I who had deemed myself old at five-and-twenty. I ought to have told him all my miserable story. I had many a struggle with my conscience about it. But—but—Robert honored me so highly. He had such an exalted ideal of what a woman ought to be. I was a coward. I *dared* not risk losing him. I had been so unhappy, so unhappy! I think none but a woman can understand what I had suffered. And here was a glimpse of Paradise. Was I to speak the word which might bar me out forever, back into the desolate cold to die? I *could* not do it. I thought 'when we are married, when he has learned to believe in my great love for him, and to trust me as his faithful wife, I will kneel down and hide my face on his knees, and tell him.' But as I learned to know him better, I found what a fatal mistake I had made in delaying my confession. You know Robert. He says that he could never again trust any one who had once deceived him. The first time he said so a knife went into my heart. Oh, if I had but told him at first, he *might* have pitied, and forgiven, and loved me! for, God knows, I was more sinned against than sinning. I was but sixteen. Think of it! Sixteen years old! Well, this concealment bore bitter fruit. My father has been dead three years; but recently one of his old associates, the man you have been speaking of, came to London, found me out, and came to me for assistance; being always, as all his kind are, either flush of money or a beggar. My horror at sight of him; my dread lest Robert, who was at the studio, should return and find him, showed him, I suppose, what hold he had upon me. From soliciting alms, he came to demanding money like a highwayman. I gave him what I could. Since then he has persecuted me, until life is almost unendurable. I see Robert's anxiety; I am tormented for him. But I *dare* not tell the truth. This wretch threatens me, if I do not comply with his demands, that he will tell my proud English husband all the history of my youth. You, who know something of the man, can conjecture in what a hideous light he would put the facts he has to relate. If Robert were to spurn me and despise me, I should die. Oh, I am afraid! It is so horrible to be afraid!"

Sidney listened sympathetically. He was (as is not uncommon) better than his creed, which was already a somewhat cynical one. He soothed and encouraged Mrs. Lockwood; promised to rid her of the scoundrel forever; and adroitly said a word or two to the effect that she had better not trouble her husband with so annoying and contemptible a matter.

"I know Robert very well," said he; "and I am sure he would not rest until he had thrashed our French friend soundly. Now a kicking more or less in his life would not matter to *him* at all. It would put Robert in the wrong too, and distress you. I undertake to punish the miscreant much more effectually."

How he managed to get rid of her tormentor Zillah never certainly knew; but the man dropped out of her life never to reappear in it.

Sidney Frost was actuated chiefly by motives of kindness toward the Lockwoods. Whatever this woman's past might have been, she made his friend a good wife. Robert idolized her. He was happy in his unfaltering faith in her. But he would not have been able to be happy had his faith once been shaken. That was the nature of the man. Frost would serve both husband and wife, and would keep his own counsel.

Added to all these considerations, there was another incentive influencing his conduct: the professional zest, namely, with which he contemplated balking a rascal's schemes—a zest quite as far removed from any consideration of abstract right and wrong as the eagerness of a fox-hunter is removed from moral indignation against the thievish propensities of the fox.

The two years that ensued were the happiest Zillah had ever known or was fated to know. She was the joyful mother of a son. Her husband's fame and fortune rose day by day. Sidney Frost never reminded her of the secret they shared between them by word or look. And she had grown almost to regard the days of her misery and degradation as something unreal, like the remembrance of a bad dream.

But a change was at hand.

Robert Lockwood fell ill. His was not a rapid, alarming disorder, but a slow wasting away, as it seemed. A short time before his health began to fail he had yielded to the urgent solicitation of his friend Sidney Frost, and had confided to the latter a large sum of money—the savings of his life—to be invested in certain speculations which Sidney guaranteed to be highly flourishing; and, as has been previously stated, Sidney, in accepting the trust, honestly meant to fulfill it with a single-minded view to his friend's advantage.

Then came temptation: a combination of temptations. He needed a large sum to complete the amount necessary for the purchase of a share in a flourishing legal business. On his obtaining the share depended his marriage with a woman whom he passionately loved. He used the greater portion of Lockwood's money for this purpose. He described the transaction to himself thus: "Robert shall find this a better investment than any I proposed to him. The business is as safe as the Bank of England. With an infusion of skill and energy such as I can bring to it, wealth, great wealth, is absolutely certain. I *borrow* Robert's money at handsomer interest than he could easily obtain in any other way!"

All the while he was desperately ashamed and troubled in his inmost heart.

Zillah had been told by her husband of his having confided his money to Frost. She had almost as undoubting faith in their friend as Robert had. But she asked, "You have a formal acknowledgment for the money, of course?"

"He wrote me some kind of receipt, or I O U. I don't think it is what you call a 'formal acknowledgment,' little wife. But from Sidney it is sufficient."

"You will keep it carefully, dear Robert?"

"Oh yes; of course."

"Because you know if Mr. Frost were to—to die!"

Zillah's quick intelligence discovered that something was wrong with Sidney after he had undertaken her husband's trust. He kept away from their house more than had been his wont. He was going to be married. He had obtained his long-coveted partnership. A suspicion of the truth darted into her mind. She endeavored to take him off his guard by adroit questions. But her woman's cunning was no match for Sidney Frost.

He confronted the matter boldly and with outward coolness, although he inwardly writhed with mortification to be abased before this woman who had been so humbly grateful at his feet. He told Zillah how he had applied her husband's money.

"It is not exactly the investment I had proposed, but it will be, in the end, a far better one than any other for you all. I have not mentioned my change of plan to Robert. He is not well enough to be bothered about business. He is the best-hearted, dearest fellow in the world; but *you know* that it is sometimes necessary to hoodwink him for his own good."

At the word the hot blood rushed to Zillah's face, and her temples throbbed painfully. She understood perfectly the kind of bargain that was being made. She reflected that her first deception was now bearing its legitimate fruit.

She was helpless. She carefully locked Mr. Frost's informal receipt into her writing-desk, and submitted in silence.

"When Robert gets better," she said to herself, "I *will* summon resolution to tell him every thing. I *will!*"

But Robert never got better; and within a few months he was laid in his grave.

## CHAPTER V.

### A MORNING CALL.

MR. FROST drove home to Bayswater after business hours, on the day on which Mrs. Lockwood had visited him, very weary in body and sick at heart.

Mrs. Frost had the most stylish of tiny broughams, drawn by a pawing steed, whose action gave one the idea that it had been taught to dance on hot iron, like a bear.

Mr. Frost used a street cab when he drove at all. Very often he returned home on foot. On this special afternoon he was thoroughly tired. He had been into the City, into offices wherein his partner would have been much amazed to see him, and on business of which that partner had not the faintest suspicion.

As the cab jingled and rattled along the busy streets toward Bayswater, Mr. Frost leaned his head back against the frouzy cushion and closed his eyes. But he could not deaden his hot brain. That was alive, and feverishly active. He ground his teeth when he thought of Zillah Lockwood. And yet he pitied her.

"If I could coin my blood into guineas she should have her own," said he, mentally.

But if Mr. Frost could have coined his blood into guineas—in one sense he did coin flesh, and blood, and health, and life into lucre—it is probable that still Mrs. Lockwood would not have had her own; for Mrs. Frost had an insatiable appetite for guineas, and would have received any amount of them with the greedy immobility of a gaping-mouthed Indian idol.

She was an idol that had cost her husband dear, and yet he still worshiped her—worshiped her and did not respect her! Like the poor savage of the south, who alternately rails at, and grovels before, his tawdry Madonna.

Georgina Frost was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her face and figure were noble and majestic. She was graceful, eloquent, dignified.

"Mrs. Frost looks every inch a duchess," some one said, admiringly. But Mrs. Frost had once stood for ten minutes side by side with a real duchess at a picture show, and after that she told her husband, with a superb, languid smile, that she should decline to be likened to a duchess any more.

"A little, skinny, painted, flaxen-haired creature in a short gown, and with the most atrocious bonnet that ever was perched on a human head," said Mrs. Frost, disdainfully. "I am not at all like a duchess, if *she* is a fair specimen of the genus!"

But nevertheless Mrs. Frost was pleased to be likened to a duchess.

Mr. Frost did not reach his home until a few minutes before seven. Seven o'clock was his dinner hour.

"Dinner ready?" he asked of the man who opened the door to him.

"Whenever you please, Sir. Shall I tell the cook to send it up at once?"

"Where is your mistress?"

"My mistress is dressing, Sir. She had an early dinner at three o'clock."

Mr. Frost walked into the dining-room, bidding the man send up his dinner directly. He threw himself into a chair, and sat still, with a gloomy face. The complex lines in his forehead were twisted and knotted tightly together.

He had got half-way through his solitary repast, eating little, but drinking a good deal, in a feverish way, when the door opened, and his wife came into the room.

She was in full evening costume. A rich silk dress, of the brownish-golden hue of ripe wheat, enhanced the clear paleness of her skin. The dress was simple and ample, as became the majestic figure of its wearer. Its only ornament was a trimming of white lace round the sleeves and bosom; but this lace was antique, and of the costliest. In her dark wavy hair she had placed a branch of crimson pomegranate flowers, and on one marble-white arm she wore a broad thick band of gold with a magnificent opal set in the midst of it.

"Ah, you are there, Sidney!" she said, not looking at him though, but walking straight toward a large mirror over the mantle-piece. She stood there, with her back to her husband, contemplating her own image very calmly.

He raised his eyes and stealthily looked at her in the glass.

"Where are you going?" he asked, surlily. "You told me nothing about going out this evening."

"Oh yes, I did; but I might as well have omitted it. You never remember. I am going to the opera. Patti sings the 'Sonnambula,' and the Maxwells made me promise not to fail them."

Mr. Frost sat looking at his beautiful wife with a strange expression of mingled discontent and admiration.

Suddenly his face changed. "Turn round," he said, sharply. She obeyed leisurely.

"Let me look. Is it possible? Yes; you *have*—you *have*—taken that bracelet, despite all I said to you!"

"I told you when the man showed it to me that I must have it. It is the finest single opal I ever saw."

Mr. Frost dashed his hand down on the table with an oath. "By Heaven, it is too bad!" he cried. "It is incredible! Georgina, I wonder, upon my soul I do, that you can have the heart to go on in this way!"

Mrs. Frost looked down at him with a slow Juno-like turn of the throat.

"Don't be silly, Sidney. What *is* the use of your getting into passions? Nothing would go either with this dress or my black velvet but opals. And this matches the ear-rings so well."

"And how, pray, do you imagine I am to pay for this jewel?"

Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders.

"How should I know? How you are to pay for it is *your* business, not mine! When you married me I suppose you were aware of the responsibilities you were undertaking! Oh, is the carriage there? Tell him to drive first to Lady Maxwell's, Edward. And—ask my maid for the ermine cloak to put into the carriage in case I should want it coming home."

He walked angrily up and down the room after she was gone; breaking out now and again into half-uttered sentences and ejaculations.

"I will not stand it; I *will not.* Heavens and earth! To think of her coolly taking that opal, whose fellow it would be difficult to find in London, as though it were a glass bead! She cares no more for me than for the stone pavement she sets her dainty foot on! I am a money-machine. That's all! But it shall come to an end. I can not live so. I *will* not. Why should I grind my very soul out for a woman with no vestige of heart or feeling? I'll send her to live in the country. I'll sell her wardrobe by auction. Millions wouldn't suffice for her extravagance. I have told her that I don't know which way to turn for money—and people think me a rich man! Well they may when they see my wife decked out in finery worth a king's ransom. Good Heavens, that opal! To-morrow I will make the jeweler take it back. She shall not keep it. It is too monstrous."

The next day Mrs. Frost, who occasionally made small concessions that cost her nothing, when it became apparent that she had roused her husband's indignation too far, offered to drive with him to Bedford Square and call on Mrs. Lovegrove.

As they drove along eastward—Mrs. Frost looking very lovely in a morning toilet, for the perfection of whose freshness and simplicity she had paid more to a fashionable milliner than Mrs. Lovegrove had ever expended on her finest gown—Mr. Frost lectured his wife as to the necessity of comporting herself with civility toward the Lovegroves.

"I'm sure I don't know how to conciliate Mrs. Lovegrove," said the fair Georgina. "Unless, perhaps, by rigging myself out from top to toe in Tottenham Court Road, and arriving at her door in the dirtiest hackney cab to be found! I really would have borrowed Davis's bonnet and shawl to come in, if I had thought of it: only, to be sure, Davis is always three months nearer the fashion than the Lovegrove women!"

Davis was Mrs. Frost's cook.

Mr. Frost went into his office, saying that he would open his letters and go up to pay his respects to Mrs. Lovegrove by-and-by. His wife was ushered into the drawing-room, and waited while her card was carried to the mistress of the house.

Mrs. Lovegrove's drawing-room was hot. The sun shone full in through the windows, and there was a large fire in the grate. There was a stuffy fragrance in the room from two enormous jars of pot-pourri which stood one on each side of a gilt cabinet. On the cabinet were ranged what Mrs. Lovegrove called her nick-nacks: namely, a huge dish of wax fruit under a glass cover; some Dresden figures; a Chinese puzzle; a Swiss châlet in card-board; two or three cups of egg-shell porcelain; a statuette in the so-called Parian ware, representing a Spanish lady clothed entirely in lace flounces, and with a foot about the same length as her nose; and a blue satin box worked with white beads.

The furniture was drab, with red satin stripes in it. The curtains were the same. The carpet was also drab, with splotchy cabbage-roses strewn over it. On the mantle-piece stood a French clock, flanked on either side by a cut-glass lustre whose pendent prisms jingled and shook whenever a foot crossed the floor. There was a grand piano in the room, dark and shining. There was also a harp, muffled up in brown holland. On the round centre-table, covered by a red velvet cloth, were disposed with geometrical accuracy several books. The middle of the table was occupied by a silver card-basket full of visiting-cards, on the top of which was conspicuously displayed a large ticket, setting forth that General Sir Thomas Dobbs and Lady Dobbs requested the honor of Mrs. and the Misses Lovegrove's company at a ball, bearing date two months back.

Mrs. Frost waited. The house was very still. She peeped into one book after the other. Two were photograph albums. A third was a little volume of poetry containing verses in celebration of the month of May, which the Puseyite writer looked on exclusively from an ecclesiastical point of view, and styled the "Month of Mary." There was likewise a Peerage, bound in red and gold.

Mrs. Frost waited. She had ensconced herself in a comfortable corner of the couch. It was hot, and the end of it was that Mrs. Frost fell into a doze, and woke with a sensation of being looked at.

Mrs. Lovegrove stood opposite to her.

Mrs. Lovegrove had a pale, smooth face, with a pale, smooth, and very high forehead. Her features were not uncomely. Her eyes must have been pretty in youth; well-shaped, and of a soft dove-gray. Her teeth were still sound and white. They projected a little, and her upper lip was too long for beauty. It gave one the idea, when her mouth was closed, of being stretched too tightly, in the effort to cover the long, prominent teeth.

Mrs. Lovegrove was lean and flat-chested. She wore a lead-colored merino gown, and a small cap with lead-colored satin ribbons. She affected drabs, and browns, and leaden or iron grays in her own attire. She said they were "so chaste."

"How do you do, Mrs. Frost? I am so shocked to have kept you waiting. Your visits are such unexpected and rare favors that if I could have come instantly I would."

Mrs. Lovegrove spoke in a very low voice, and with pedantic distinctness.

"I almost fell asleep, I think," said Mrs. Frost, with much nonchalance.

"You were—excuse me—snoring," replied Mrs. Lovegrove, in her gentlest and most distinct accents.

Mrs. Frost did not at all like to be told that she had been snoring. But as this is an accusation against which we are all helpless, seeing that in the nature of things we can not be conscious whether we have snored or not, she did not attempt to rebut it.

"Don't you think you keep your room rather—stuffy?" she said, wrinkling up her handsome nose.

"Stuffy? If I apprehend your meaning, I think *not.* You see, you live in one of those new lath-and-plaster houses that really are barely weather-proof. No doubt you find some compensating advantage in doing so. But I confess that for myself I prefer a solid, well-built, old-fashioned mansion. How is Mr. Frost?"

"Quite well, I believe. He said he was coming to wait upon you by-and-by."

"*Is* he quite well? Now *is* he? I am rejoiced to hear it. Mr. Lovegrove has been thinking him looking rather fagged of late. We live in high-pressure times. The friction on a railway, for instance, is so much more tremendous than the friction on an old mail-coach road. And yet it may be doubted— Is any thing the matter?"

"No: I—I—only want to sneeze. How very pungent the stuff in those jars is! You don't put snuff in it, do you?"

"Snuff! My dear Mrs. Frost—!"

"I feel as though I had some grains of snuff up my nose."

"My pot-pourri is prepared after a recipe that was always used down at our family place."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Frost, languidly. "I dare say it is very nice when one gets a little—seasoned to it."

Then Mrs. Lovegrove led the conversation into her own ground. She discoursed of ritualism, of stoles, tapers, and censers. After these subjects came the British aristocracy, collectively and individually. Thence, she slid easily to the immense number of invitations her girls had received this season. Finally, reserving her bonne bouche to the last, she spoke of their dear young friend, Miss Desmond, Lady Tallis-Gale's niece, and herself connected with some of our most ancient families.

"I am no leveler," said Mrs. Lovegrove, in a kind of self-denying way (as who should say, "If I did but choose it, I could lay existing institutions as flat as a bowling-green!"). "No. I approve and reverence the distinctions of rank and birth. You may tell me that these are inborn prejudices—"

"Not at all," drawled Mrs. Frost, checking, but not concealing, a yawn.

"Well, I will not deny that there *may* be some tinge of early prejudice. But when we lived at our family place papa always impressed on us to pay the same respect to those few persons who were above us in rank as we exacted from our inferiors. Papa was a stanch Tory of the old school. But he had no arrogant pride of birth. He used to say— Ah, here is Mr. Frost. *How* do you do, Mr. Frost? We were speaking—or, at least, *I* was speaking, for I do not think your wife knows her—of our dear Miss Desmond. You can not think how the girls have taken to her. She is not here half as much as we could wish, though. For her attendance on Lady Tallis is most unremitting. But we feel toward her as a daughter. As to my son Augustus—! Well, do you know, I scarcely know how to describe the impression the sweet girl has made on Augustus!"

Mr. Frost smiled very graciously, and seemed much interested.

"We are going to have—I won't call it a party—a little social gathering, to which we have persuaded Miss Desmond to come, on the Feast of Saint Werewulf—that is," added Mrs. Lovegrove, with a melancholy smile, "next Saturday. I dare say you are not familiar with the saints' days?"

"I don't know any thing about Saint Werewulf," said Mrs. Frost.

"We shall have music, and endeavor to be innocently gay; none the less gay for having attended a matin service in honor of the saint. Our religion is not gloomy and mirth-forbidding. If you and Mrs. Frost would join us we should be unaffectedly glad."

Mrs. Frost had opened her mouth to decline the invitation, but her husband interposed.

"You are extremely good, Mrs. Lovegrove," he said. "We will come with pleasure."

"Why in the world did you say yes to that oppressive woman's invitation, Sidney?" asked his wife, as he was handing her into the carriage. "*I* sha'n't go. She really is too much. If you had heard the stuff she was talking about her family place! And she devoured me with her fishy eyes. If I had not had the consciousness of being thoroughly well dressed she would have given me a nervous fever."

"Well, that consciousness must support you on Saturday next. For we *must* go. And—listen, Georgy—make yourself pleasant to Miss Desmond."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT the present time American silk fabrics are competing successfully with goods imported from European countries. American manufacturers are as enterprising and ingenious as those of any other country, the mulberry-tree will thrive in any temperate climate, and experiments prove that the silk-worm can be reared successfully in many of the States. Hence, silk cultivation and silk manufacture promise to be most important branches of American industry. The climate of California is particularly favorable to the culture of silk, and the business is now in a highly prosperous condition. In France and Italy the silk-worm has been affected by a fatal disease which has interfered seriously with rearing them; but on the Pacific coast the eggs are sound and the worms healthy. At the last Paris Exposition the finest cocoons exhibited were from California. Orders have been sent from Europe to California silk-growers for all the eggs they can produce for years to come, so perfectly satisfactory have been the samples already sent. Yet, as soon as there are enough manufactories established in this country there will be less temptation to export them.

Not long ago it was stated that an American manufacturer made a lot of ribbons, and purchased a right to use an importer's label—such things, unfortunately, are frequent in trade. One half of the ribbon he labeled as of a foreign make, the other half as of American. In the auction-room the goods under foreign labels brought 17 per cent. more than the other half! Nevertheless sewing-silk, trimmings, and ribbons of home manufacture have almost driven foreign importations in these goods from the market; and the weaving of broad silks has become a specialty, to which many manufacturers are devoting their earnest attention. According to statements made in a recent address at the American Institute Fair, the greatest silk centre in this country is Paterson, New Jersey, where there are now sixteen factories, running 75,000 spindles, preparing silk threads—that is, throwing silk, mostly for weaving. The hands employed are 3500; the wages paid per annum, $500,000; the capital invested, $2,000,000. In Philadelphia there are twenty factories, employing 400 men and 1500 girls and women, whose wages amount annually to $250,000. The capital invested is estimated at $1,500,000. In the city of New York there are 7000 to 8000 hands employed in making trimmings, weaving ribbons and dress goods, the invested capital being $2,500,000. Besides these there are factories in Yonkers, Hoboken, Schoharie, and other places in New York State; at Hartford, Manchester, Mansfield, Willimantic, in Connecticut; at Northampton, Florence, Williamsburg, Canton, in Massachusetts, as well as in other places. Thousands of yards of gros grain silks are manufactured every week of excellent quality, some of which can scarcely be distinguished from the best imported articles.

An excellent thing is it for young ladies to use their influence against tobacco; but it is well to be sure that it is tobacco, and not something more valuable, that one is opposing. A young lady in a certain town in this State refused to marry her sweet-heart unless he stopped chewing tobacco. He agreed, and the wedding came off in due season. Returning from the bridal tour in the cars, the other day, he pulled out a roll of something from his pocket. She thought it was tobacco, clutched it, and threw it out of the window. Alas! it was a roll of money, $2500 in all, and it has not been recovered.

Secchi, the Roman astronomer, thinks he has detected water in the neighborhood of the spots on the sun; and M. Janssen writes from India to the Paris Academy to say that he has detected aqueous vapor in some stellar atmospheres; that is to say, he has found certain rays of light wanting in certain stars, and the missing beams are just those which he knows water intercepts. The stars which exhibit this peculiarity are the red fiery-looking lights.

The marriage of the eldest daughter of Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made quite a stir recently among the quiet people of Philadelphia. Many notable guests were present, among whom were President and Mrs. Grant. The church was filled with the chosen witnesses of the ceremony, and the adjacent streets densely thronged with those who longed to see all that was visible outside. The bride, though elegantly, was unostentatiously dressed in white corded silk, the skirt perfectly plain, and terminating in an elaborate train. The waist was made high in the neck, with silk buttons to the throat, and trimmed with point lace. The sleeves were long and plain. Her rich brown hair was braided and secured with wreaths of orange blossoms, with an elegant tulle veil depending. She also wore a beautiful set of pearls. The bridemaids wore white Swiss, with high corsages. Mrs. Grant wore an elegant blue silk, also made high in the neck—from which facts we are happy to infer that an *appropriate* style of corsage is to be fashionable this season. The array of presents exhibited at the reception was magnificent. Colonel James R. Weaver was the fortunate bridegroom; and the newly-married couple have sailed in the *Pereire, en route* for Italy.

A little girl of five years old was exhibited as an "infant prodigy" not long ago in a large music-hall in England. It was asserted that she was acquainted with several languages, could represent three hundred characters, and repeat an indefinite number of poetical quotations. The poor victim was forced through her performances to the admiration of a numerous audience of intelligent Britons, who, probably, never thought to what cruelty they were thus accessory. Similar exhibitions have been made in this country. The forcing system to which many children, not "prodigies," are sacrificed, is a great and growing evil. To cram tender intellects with knowledge for show at examinations, for the sake of competition and for pride's sake, is both folly and wickedness.

An English journal states that after the death of Byron, at Mesolonghi, in 1822, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Mesolonghi, a sallying party, carrying the relic with them, cut a way with great sacrifice of life through the Turkish lines; but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

A trip around the world can now be made in eighty days, though little pleasure could be experienced in such a hasty tour. A year is certainly little time enough to devote to such a journey. It is recommended that the traveler plan to be in Central and Southern China in November, India in December and January, Egypt in February, and Palestine and Syria in March and April, which will bring him to Europe, to travel northward up the Danube, or to Greece and Italy, with advancing seasons. By a diligent study of routes, the trip can be made with ease and comfort, and enough seen to give one comprehensive ideas of the other side of the globe. A low estimate of the probable amount required for fares, reckoned at gold rates, is $1600. Throughout the whole journey there are only a hundred and forty miles (the distance between Allahabad and Bombay) in which steam can not be used in assisting the transport; but a railway is being rapidly constructed which will soon join these places, and then, truly, steam will have put a girdle round the earth.

The "Aurilave" is a novel invention recently patented, and will prove a useful addition to the toilet. Its object is to cleanse the ear pleasantly and safely, without the use of the hard instruments hitherto employed for that purpose. It is especially adapted to the nursery, and is said to be beneficial in aural affections.

A clergyman's daughter has recently obtained the royal license to publish a weekly newspaper in Nortellja, Sweden. Her name is Miss Frederika Hallin. The Swedish editress "can not only write her article, but set it up and work it off; and is, in fact, the practical directress of these operations. She learned printing from a certain Miss Söderquist, who is now in business as a printer in Stockholm, under her married name of Frau Flodin." Miss Söderquist once edited and published a brace of papers in Arboga. Removing to Stockholm, Miss S. set up a large printing-office, the present firm Flodin, every *man* of which was a woman. In addition to these offices there are two others in Sweden carried on exclusively by females—one in Hudiksval and one in Christianstad.

Armand de Beaupré—whose real name is Gipon, only this was not euphonious enough for his purposes—is a French journalist of singular ability and reputation. He had, when younger, no special fondness for literature, but he was fond of spending money, and he wrote to fill his pocket. One day an article he had written was accepted by a prominent journal. It was an article on the Deluge, and it so much astonished the editor that he printed it out of curiosity to see what the public would say. The public were amazed, and wondered what it meant; whereupon the editor sent for Gipon and asked him whether he was in the habit of looking at every thing else from the same curious aspect as the Deluge. Gipon answered that to the best of his belief the views he took of the Deluge were those which he took of most other things in life, and he produced an article on the art of government. The editor took possession of this document, which was even more astonishing than the paper on the Deluge, and from that day young Gipon, with his name revised and edited as Armand de Beaupré, took rank in Paris as "un original." When Armand de Beaupré is at a loss for a subject he tells his readers how he amuses himself of an evening, where he lives, who are his friends, and the like. Sometimes he arrives at the office of his paper in a state of excitement verging on fury. He has been overcharged by a cabman, dunned by his tailor, or misfitted by his shoemaker. Down he sits with his eye flaming, and writes an article in three columns, which is intended to strike horror into the soul of the offender. The editor nods approvingly at the article. Perhaps he would rather have had something else, but he knows his French public, and is quite aware that an article directed against a bootmaker, and recounting the trials of a journalist, will always please them better than a paper on the differential calculus or the international monetary commission.

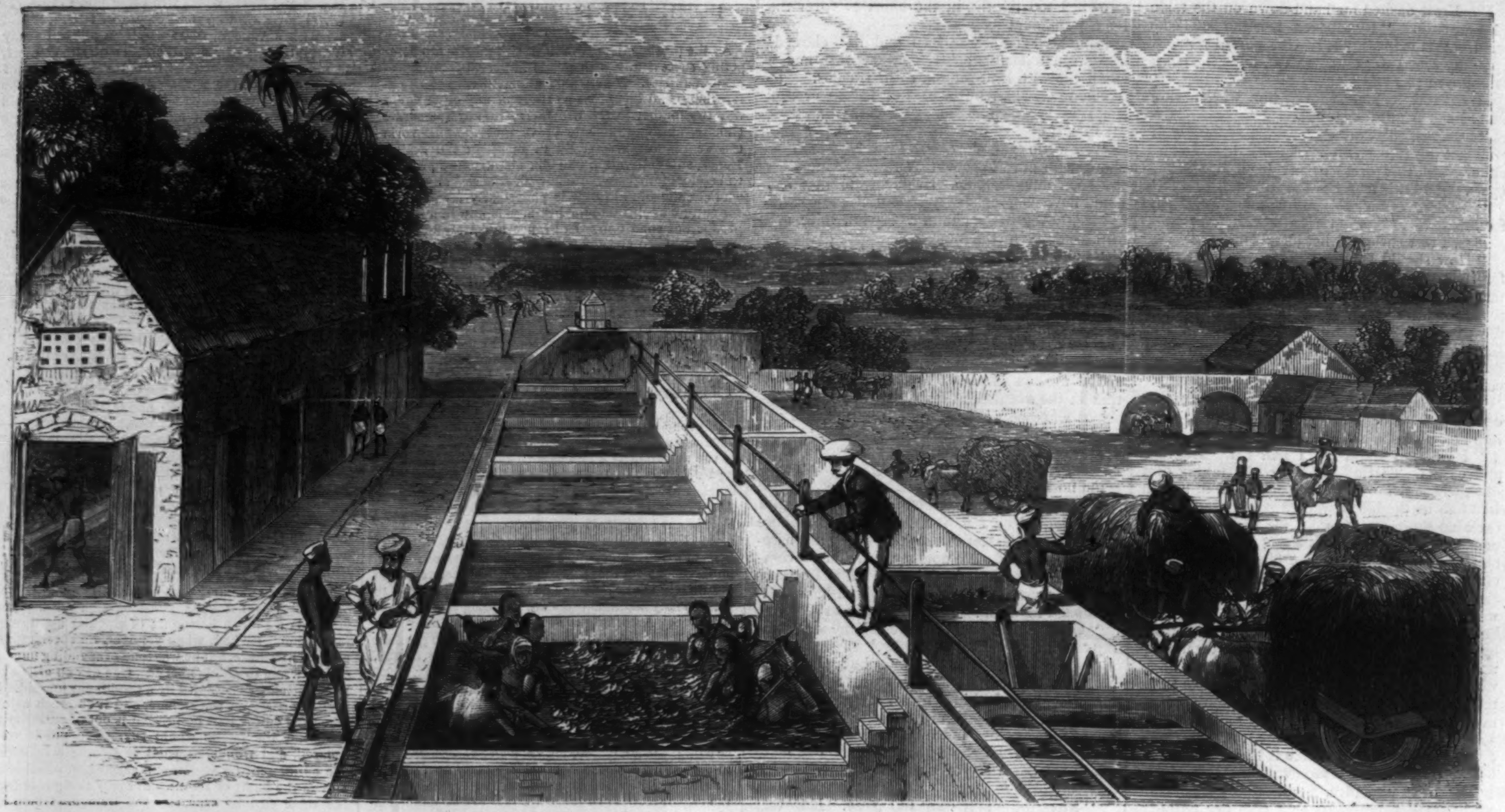
Sixteen hundred and thirty-five soldiers have been admitted to the Royal Victoria Hospital within the last six years, as unfit for duty from disease of the heart. It is believed that this prevalence of heart disease is caused by the fashion of accoutrement, and that it is incurable. A new system of accoutring soldiers would prevent this sacrifice of life.

Lovers of coffee will not thank a French physiologist for discovering—as he believes—that the *coffeine* of coffee is twice as poisonous as the *theine* of tea. *Theine,* he states, will only produce spasms and paralysis. Well, gradually most every thing we eat or drink will be discovered to be more or less poisonous, and then it will only be a choice between evils.

Sir Samuel Baker, the well-known Egyptian explorer, writes from Egypt that his flotilla of steamers and boats is making way up the Nile, bound for Khartoum; that he has eight hundred camels waiting to carry the iron steamers sent out from England across the Desert to their destination, where they will be put together and employed in the navigation of the Albert Nyanza and other lakes; and that his own route will be from Suez to Souakim, thence with camels to Berber on the Nile, and so up the river to the rendezvous at Khartoum. Trading in some places, terrifying in others, and exploring wherever it can, this will be a noteworthy expedition, full of promise for the Royal Geographical Society, if not for the Pasha of Egypt.

Some of the latest applications of electricity are worth budgeting, as instances of our readiness to ride a willing horse to death. We shall have literally, if not logically, ridden electricity to death when we apply it to destroy life; and the suggestion of this application has really been made, both against man and beast. Instead of the barbarous system of hanging offenders, a humane philosopher proposes that we should give them an electrical shock, powerful enough to kill without pain. There is no denying the fitness of this system for a scientific nation. But if the law will not take human life by lightning, it might compel cattle slaying thereby; a battery and coil would be far more effective, and far less cruel, tools than the pole-ax or the sticking-knife. The angler would consider his occupation gone if he had to fish with an electric line and a torpor-producing bait; yet the whaler has a notion that he can catch his monsters upon an analogous plan. From experiments upon lesser fish, it is anticipated that a whale would be stupefied by such a shock as could be given from a moderate battery carried in a boat, with the aid of a harpoon with double points connected to the battery by conducting wires. The harpoon, upon striking the whale, would complete a circuit through its two points, and electrify the fish to torpor point, thus rendering his capture easy: at least, so the inventor says.

A disaffected wife has just eloped from Saratoga. She left the following epistle for her husband's consolation, which is indeed a literary model, to say the least: "My dearest you have not earned as much money as you ought to and when I ask you for it you always say you aint got any—Good by dearest for this time."



INDIGO MANUFACTURE IN TIRHOOT, LOWER BENGAL.

## INDIGO CULTURE IN BENGAL.

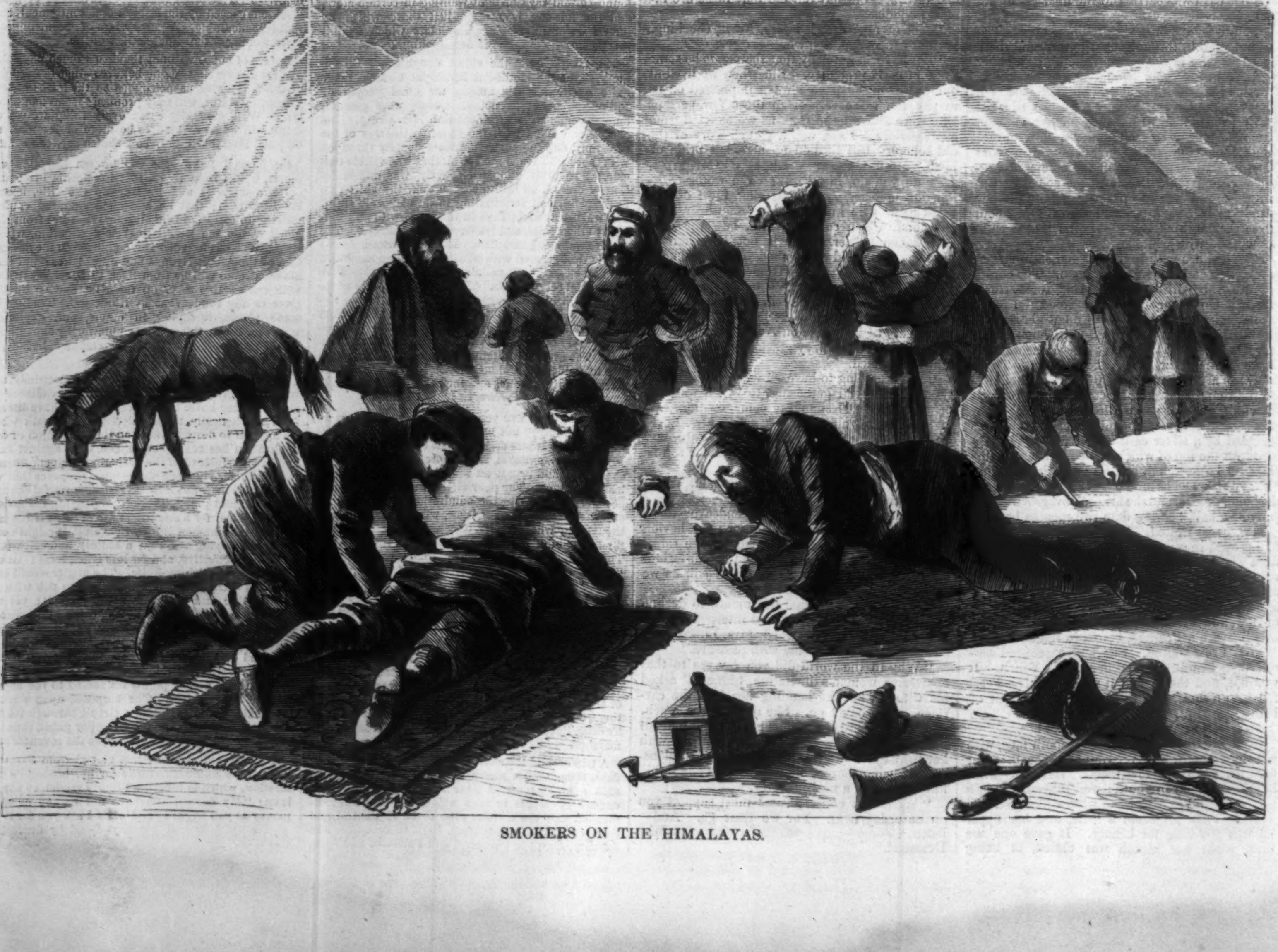
DURING the last three years the planters in the districts of Tirhoot and Chumparun have experienced much inconvenience, and often great loss, as well as trouble, from the disaffection of the "ryots," or native peasantry. There are frequent disputes about the terms of the agreements made between these people and the capitalists who advance the money for the sowing of indigo. This question in Bengal is almost as difficult as the land-tenure question in Ireland. The manufacture of indigo, or mahai, as it is called in the vernacular, commences about the first week in July, when the indigo is cut and carted into the factory. It is then steeped in vats from twelve to sixteen hours, the time which is calculated to be sufficient to extract the virtue of the plant. The water in which the plant has been steeped is next let off into a lower or "beating vat," where it is left to settle. The vat is now beaten off by eight or ten men, as shown in the illustration. The process of "beating off" (by which the grain is separated from the water) having been completed, the vat is left a sufficient time for the grain to sink to the bottom, when the water is gradually drawn off. The indigo settled at the bottom of the vat is transported to the "boiling-house," whence it is poured on to what is called the "table," where it is well strained; it is carried thence and placed in presses of about six feet square. All moisture having been extracted, the indigo is cut into square cakes and placed on shelves to dry, and at the end of the season it is packed and sent down to Calcutta for sale. The life of a resident indigo planter or manager is full of toil and anxiety; and he is frequently obliged to appeal to the magistrates to enforce the ryots' contracts.

## SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.

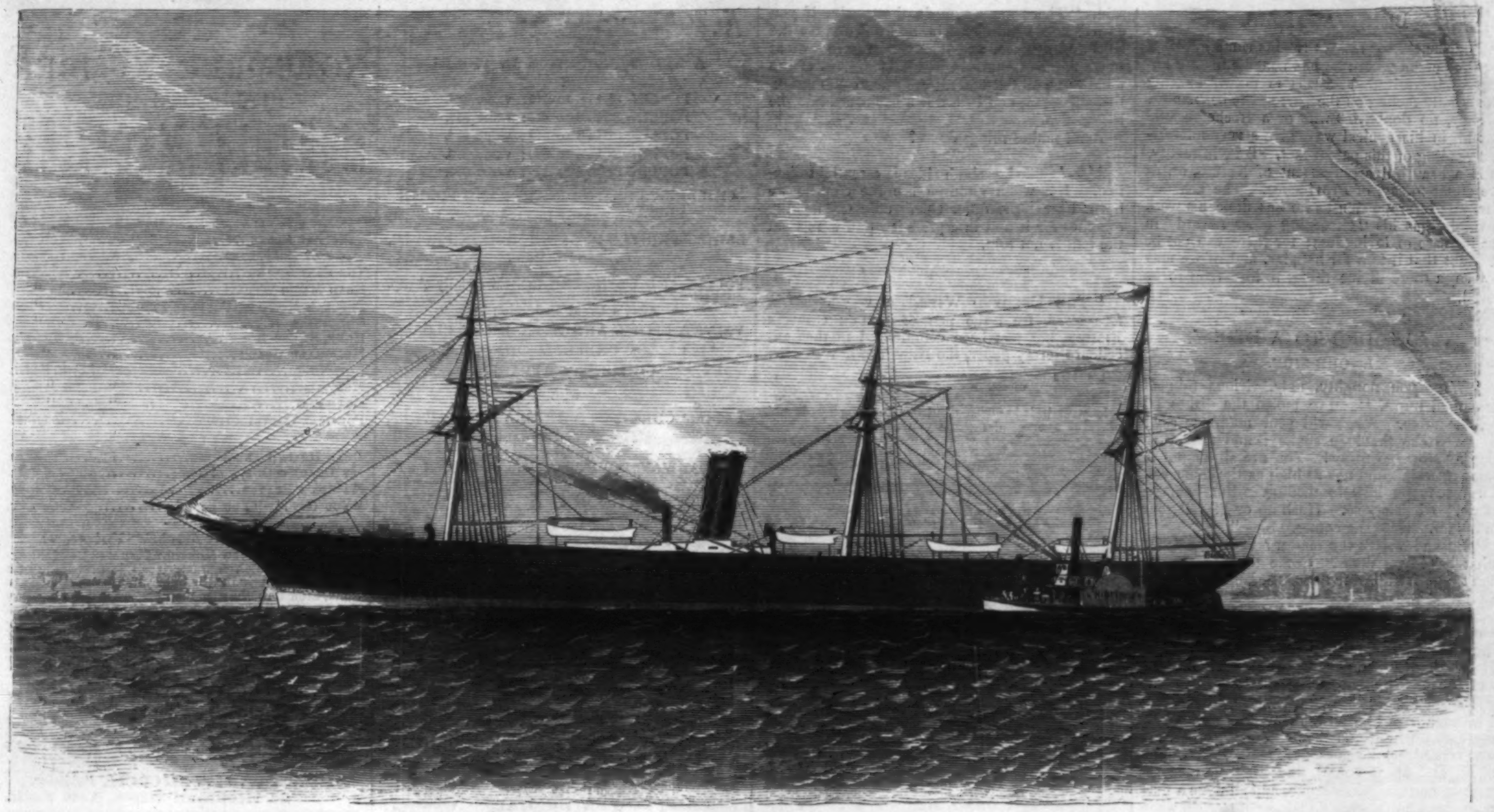
VARIOUS are the instruments that have been devised for smoking tobacco; some of them plain, others expensive and elaborate. But perhaps the most novel and curious method of enjoying the narcotic plant is that illustrated in our engraving on this page. This method is in vogue among travelers on the high table-land of Thibet and in the Himalaya Mountains. M. R. VON SCHLAGINTWEIT, the famous German traveler, gives the following description: "The inhabitants of the lower plains, when traveling in the mountains, have a peculiar mode of smoking. They can not indulge in this kind of luxury in their own homes, but have to postpone it till they come to the regions where a solid and compact glacier may be found. Then they proceed to dig or cut a hole three-fourths of an inch deep in the solid block, and at a distance of a few inches other holes one inch deep around, so that the largest hole is in the centre, and connect these by introducing a piece of iron wire underneath the ice, forming in this way so many funnels communicating with the hole in the centre. This is filled with tobacco and covered with ignited coals, and the smokers, lying down on blankets to keep off the cold, adapt their mouths to the various holes. In a short time they send forth enormous clouds of smoke, which, arriving ice cold, is charged with all the narcotic substance of the plant. The solidity of the glacier is such that only very little is melted, just enough to furnish a certain amount of humidity to the burning tobacco." M. SCHLAGINTWEIT assures us that all other modes of smoking are not worth mentioning in comparison with this, and that no instrument of any kind, invented to refine and enjoy the tobacco-smoke, can supply the place of the primitive but ingenious method adopted by the Penjab and Thibet natives.

## "RUINED!"

THE drawing by Mr. C. G. BUSH, from which our illustration on page 729 has been engraved, is a very pathetic illustration of the effect of extravagance or of speculation. How many such scenes as our artist has depicted were enacted just after the recent bursting of Wall Street bub-



SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BRUSSELS."—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

bles! It is reported that the terrible disappointment experienced by daring gold brokers on the 24th of September has driven five or six of them to the insane asylum; but how many who were not made mad were driven to despair! How many, with their families, were utterly and irretrievably "ruined!"

## THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS,"

JAMES KENNEDY, COMMANDER.

This magnificent new iron steamship belongs to the Inman line. It is truly said of her that "she beats the Cunarders," if we take her last trip as a test of her powers. She arrived in this port on the morning of October 23, her voyage across the Atlantic having occupied eight days and twelve hours, including three stoppages, caused by disarrangement of machinery.

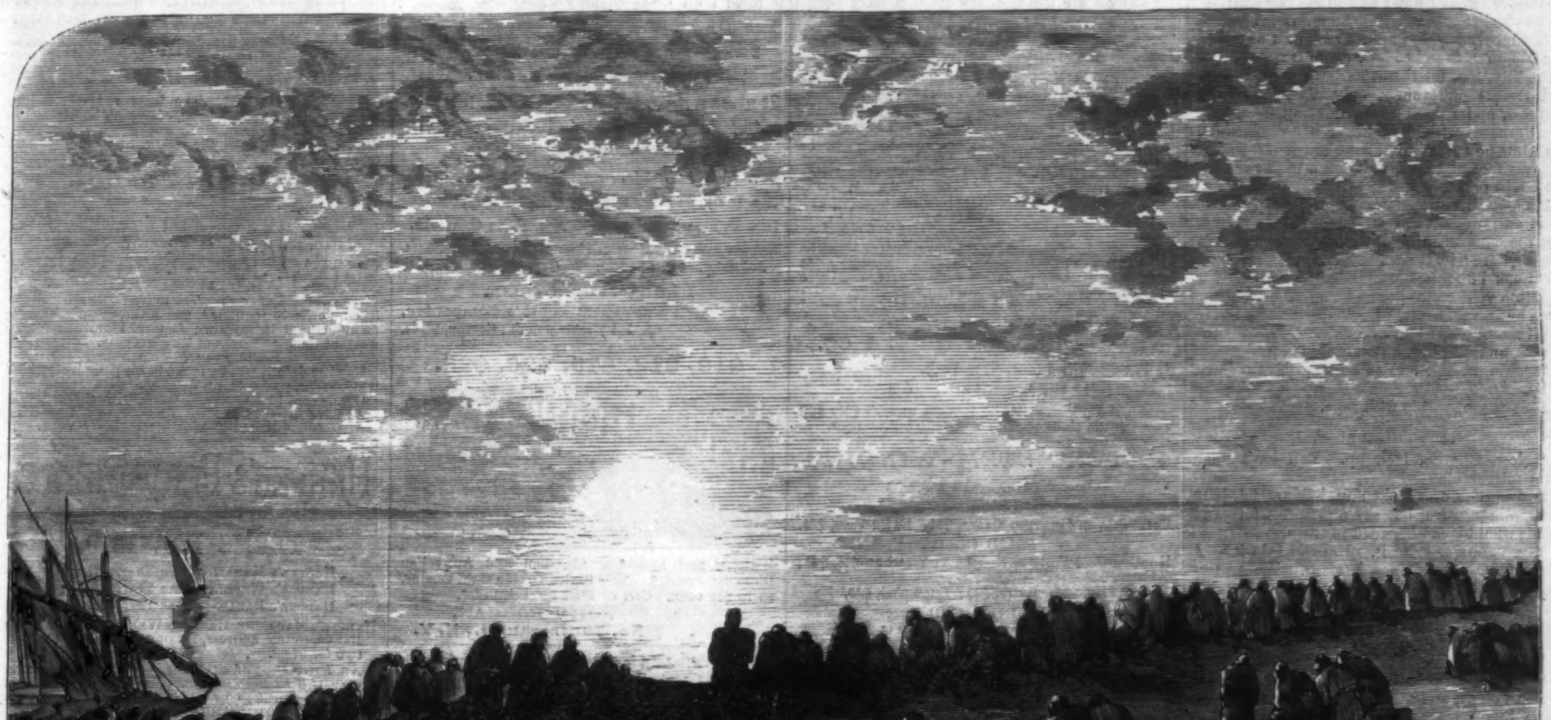
The *City of Brussels* was built on the Clyde, in Scotland. Her length is 406 feet; length of keel, 375 feet; beam, 40½ feet; and depth of hold, 28 feet. Her engines are of 600 horse-power, and her registered tonnage is 3000. She can comfortably provide for nearly one thousand passengers.

This steamship is fitted up in superb style. Her cabin is of oak, elaborately finished, and inlaid with gold; the seats are cushioned with plush, and the floor is carpeted with the finest of Brussels. The ladies' cabin is finished and furnished in a style even more superb. She makes 15 knots with ease, and 16¼ with fair steaming. For five consecutive days she made from 340 to 358 miles without sail.

## GUEBRES WORSHIPING THE SUN.

Our illustration on this page recalls one of the earliest forms of nature-worship—one, however, which is still maintained among the Guebres of Persia and the Parsees of India. The term Guebre was applied by the Mohammedan conquerors of Persia to the disciples of Zoroaster in that country. The Guebres now number about 100,000, dwelling chiefly in the city of Yezd and the province of Kerman. They are ignorant but industrious, and they bear a high character for virtue in comparison with other Persians. The persecutions which they suffered after the Mohammedan conquest drove a large number of them into India, where they are known as Parsees. The latter are very much respected by Europeans, are the richest and most influential of citizens in Bombay, and form about 115,000 of the population of Bombay and Colabba Islands. They do not worship idols, but revere the sun (and fire, as its symbol) as an emblem of the glory of the one Supreme Deity. They often build their temples over subterranean fires, one of their holiest spots being at Bakoo, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, where for ages, without interruption, flames have issued from calcareous rocks. The Parsees place their dead upon a latticed frame-work on the top of lofty towers. The birds of the air devour the corpses, and the bones fall underneath through the grating.

Every form of polytheism had its origin in nature-worship. Thus the ancient Norsemen identified the storm with Odin, the thunder with Thor, and flame with Loki. In ancient Gaul and Britain pillars were raised to the sun.



GUEBRES PAYING HOMAGE TO THE SETTING SUN.

## BENEFACTIONS.

THE benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

Now, no doubt, a Swift or a Rochefoucauld would, in his cynical way, give a very unpleasant reading of this patent fact. But, in reality, it is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as we ought to say, of Providence. The benefactor, just in proportion as he has done his work lovingly, has his "exceeding great reward" in an increase of lovingness; for there can not be a doubt that it is a far happier, and, if we may say so, a more divine thing, to love than to be loved.

## TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

### I.—OUR SIDE.

"WHY you naughty, ugly, vicious thing!" screamed nurse, "you've pulled the dishes all off the table. What will your mummer say? There—take that! [a shake]; and that!! [a slap]. Now, go away! You are always up to some mischief, and not as high as the table yet. I'll teach you how to meddle. But come—come. Don't cry so. Hush up or I'll tell your mummer. Here she comes. Sh—"

"Susan! what's the matter? Charlie, dear! what have you done? Come to me. There, don't cry; it's all over now. Susan, how did he do it?"

"Yes, mum, he did it; he's always up to some mischief; and it isn't my fault the best china is broke and the silver coffee-pot banged in just like a bandbox that has been set on; and the coffee all over the floor, with the salt and sugar too. See, mum, what he's done, and I a watchin' of him all the time and never took my eyes off him, and then the minute my back was turned, up he goes and kitches the table-cloth, and off it comes, and all your nice set with it, and six pieces broke, and all done a purpose; and he's always a making of trouble when we don't know what he's about, nor can't guess, for he's as sly as a fox, and I knew he would, for I just took him away from there, and back he scrabbles again as fast as he could go, for he don't know no better, and he ought to be whipped and *give* him something to cry for, for I've told him not to touch the table a hundred times, and I'm glad of it, and I don't care if he is hurt, and—"

"Why, Susan! Susan!"

"And I *don't*, mum; and he might have been burned to death a minute ago, for I just took the chafing-dish off, and then what would have become of your new carpet? He *will* have his hand in every thing that's a going, and if there's nothing a going he'll set it a going, and he can't let it alone for the life of him, and he's just like his father, always trying experiments, and wondering how things would be if they was a little different from what they is, and trying of it on, and making a muss like his father has in the laboratory, what I don't like to see nor smell of nor any body else, and nothing but mischief comes of it, and I a picking up after him all day long like a chip of the old block as he is; and it's a great pity, too, for thems as buys the furniture and clothes and things, only it's none of my business, and I don't care, only my new dress is all greased with the cream; but never mind me while he's a crying, for he did it right afore my very face and eyes, quick as a flash the minute I told him to come away."

"There, my dear—Charlie, my dear—hush: don't cry, my boy, any more. Wipe your tears. Let me wipe them, and let me look into your eyes and see how it was."

"Look into his eyes, mum—fiddle-sticks!—look into your coffee-pot and your china and my dress and your carpet. Look into his eyes! He did it a purpose, I know he did. Look the other way, and give him a spanking, say I!"

"Susan, be quiet. You are angry. Go down stairs."

Exit Susan, purple with rage.

### II.—THEIR SIDE.

"Now, Charlie, look up. You have done some mischief."

So Charlie's eyes looked up, half tearful, half funny—inquisitive, but shy and sorrowful—and this is what his mother read in them.

Yes, mamma, I did it. But *did* I do it? *I didn't know I could do such things.* What a terrible crash! I stood up by the chair, and I walked as straight as I could over to that great high table. I didn't tumble down once. The table was covered with bright things shining in my eyes like stars. I could not see what was on it because it is so high. Once I sat way up on top of a chair, and saw things, and had some of them in my mouth with papa and you. And papa took my finger and wet it in my mouth, and touched it to something, and put my finger in my mouth again, and I eat my finger and it was sweet and good. So I wanted to see something; but my eyes only come up to the edge of the table. I stood on tip-toe, and I took hold of the dress of the table, just as I take hold of your dress when I want my dear mamma to take me up in her arms; but the table didn't take me up. So I pulled, just as I pull on yours when you don't attend; and the dress of the table began to grow longer, and come off. I thought that was funny, so I pulled again, and it came off some more; and then I saw the things all began to come toward me and look at me over the edge of the table. They did not fly away as the pigeons do when we go near them, but they came right toward me. This is such a queer world. I don't understand it. So I pulled again, and the knives and forks came tumbling down on the floor, just as you showed me how to make my blocks tumble down with a crash. Then Susan said, "There now—you do that again, if you dare!" So I pulled again, and down came the cups and saucers, and then Susan gave a great scream and frightened me, and the dress of the table came all off, and all the smell came out of the coffee-pot, and I sat down backward into the butter-dish.

What makes things do so?

*Moral.*—To hear both sides is essential to justice. But when children are the culprits we never hear "the other side," unless Sympathy searches for it and interprets it; and even then the half is not told.

"THE UNLOVED WIFE," a very *beautiful love story*, from the pen of HELEN CORWIN FISHER, has just been commenced in that excellent literary paper, the NEW YORK WEEKLY.—[*Com.*]

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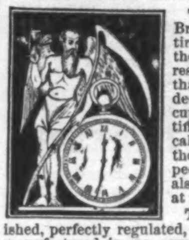

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